

The Unmentionable Crime.

JAMES S. STEMONS, Philadelphia, Pa.

See page 636.

# THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

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SEPTEMBER, 1903.

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AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE,  
MUSIC, ART, RELIGION, FACTS, FICTION AND TRADITIONS OF  
THE NEGRO RACE.



MISS ANNIE McNORTON, Norfolk, Va.

See page 677.

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# The Colored American Magazine

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UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT.

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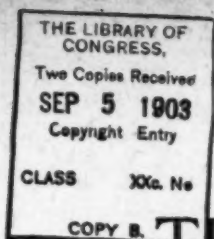


IN MEMORY OF  
The Slaves and their Descendants who Faithfully Served  
Barrington Families.  
Erected 1903.

See Page 628

[Bronze Tablet.]





# THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

VOL. VI.

SEPTEMBER, 1903

No. 9

## ETHIOPIANS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

### IV. A TRIP TO SOUTH AFRICA.

REV. CHARLES S. MORRIS.

A trip to South Africa is a constant surprise. The unexpected is always happening. It will smash more preconceived notions than a journey to any other part of the earth. It will present more strange things "than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

From the time you step aboard your ocean greyhound at Southampton and see the piles of mail going to the untutored savage, see the motley crowd of Jewish peddlers going again to borrow of the African his silver and gold to be set up in business as were his ancestors four thousand years ago at the other end of the continent; see the Cornish miners who, tired of digging tin, are now after the more royal metal; and the great contingent of English society, jaded with the recent London season, going down to the South African highlands to drink in the bracing champagne air, your surprises begin. They continue as the fleet ship speeds on her way down the coast of Europe and Africa, out of the zone of power across the zone of heat, and after a seventeen-days' sail of about six thousand miles, lands you at the tip end of the Dark Continent.

You leave England in midsummer, you land at Cape Town in midwinter. You sail out of the nineteenth century,

cross the dark ages, and come again to modern times when you round the Cape of Storms, and slowly drift up to the splendid modern docks alongside of which a score of steamers may tie up with ease. You are at the extremity of the Dark Continent. A theatre of what a tragedy has it been! Here the torch of civilization was lighted, here Abraham sojourned; here Moses learned all the knowledge and wisdom of the Egyptians, and the white-souled Joseph was tempted and triumphed. Here God sent his own chosen people into a slavery as cruel as the black man's in America, to learn the same lessons—the a, b, c, of civilization; and perhaps with the same purpose to cross a Red Sea, to wander in the wilderness to finally reach the promised land. Here the holy feet of the Son of God pressed the soil, and all the land that the soles of His feet pressed shall be His. Here a race has had its Gethsemane during the long night in which it has sweat great drops of blood. Here rises a mighty Golgotha, —a place of skulls, on which a race crowned with agony as with thorns, has been crucified.

Here, too, please God, the missionaries shall roll away the stone, the rotting Lazarus shall hear the voice of the

Son of God, and "though dead shall live again." The valley of dry bones is of vast extent, the bones very dry, but a few more Ezeiels like McKay of Uganda, like Livingstone, like Henry Richards, shall say to the powdered dust of the dead "Come from the four winds, oh, Breath, and breathe upon the slain that they may live, and behold there shall be a shaking." Bone shall come to its bone, sinew to its sinew, the skin shall cover them. The eye will burn

second largest continent on earth into an age-long battlefield, slave pen, or rumshop. Of course when this day comes, and come it must, or the Heaven and Earth must pass away with the breaking of God's word, I suppose some of little faith will be surprised, but as I said, Africa is a continent of surprises, and this brings us back, after this digression, to Cape Town.

Our ship has just docked. It is night. Above, the great, warm, bright stars—



ATHLETIC GROUNDS, CAPE TOWN, SOUTH AFRICA.

in its bony socket, the heart will begin to beat beneath the ribs of death, God will open their graves and from Egypt princes shall come, "and Ethiopia shall arise from the dust and suddenly stretch forth her hand unto God." If this taxes credulity, quarrel with God; He is the author of the promise. He makes no promises that he cannot perform. I think there would be more glory to Him to have two hundred million people clad in their right minds sitting at the feet of Jesus than to allow them to turn the

foremost among them the Southern Cross—are blazing with a lustre surpassing everything in the Northern heavens. There must have just been a shower of stars, for the deep gloom cast by the mighty precipice of rock—the back fence of Cape Town—four thousand feet sheer up like a wall, is dotted and studded by great blazing lights that gleam like a thousand stars of the first magnitude. Electric lights at the tip-end of Africa? Impossible!

Day dawns, and we assemble on deck

betimes to see our traditional lion, our palm tree and our loin-clad savage. In their stead, there nestles down at the base of that beetling crag, the tail-end bone of a gigantic vertabræ, a modern city of an hundred thousand people, with broad streets well paved, and with electric lights and electric cars, put on, I believe, by a Philadelphia firm; wholesale warehouses line the business streets, churches of a dozen different denominations call us to worship, theatres bid

Before the Suez Canal was cut, the only route from Europe to India lay around the Cape of Good Hope. All nations then registered at Cape Town, many in blood. The map of all Africa and a good deal of Europe is written on the faces of the people. Many tongues babble there,—a Dutchman from Holland sometimes looks at you from the blue eyes of a Hottentot face; an English brain will be thinking beneath a Kaffir's thatch of wool; a Malay



GROUNDS OF GROOTE SCHUUR, RESIDENCE OF THE LATE CECIL RHODES.  
 These grounds have been opened as a public pleasure resort, with animals valued at a half million of dollars.

for the patronage of the less serious-minded, banks and steel-framed retail stores—from four to seven stories high—behind whose plate-glass windows are all the latest fashions of London and Paris. If North Africa has been the kindergarten of Europe, West Africa her slave-pen, and East Africa her treasure-house, Kimberly has been her jewel-case and Cape Town her wayside inn.

and a Scotchman, like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, will be striving for the mastery in the same breast. Five distinct races with countless blendings, give you all sorts and conditions of men of every variety of color, from ebony to alabaster. The study in color is from a more complex text-book than is presented in New Orleans or Charleston, none of them water-colors.

For some reason, God, who made of



one blood all the nations and then appointed beforehand the boundaries of their habitations, and sent them off from Babel to seclusion and exclusion, has in these latter times been breaking down the middle wall of partition, filling India with Englishmen, China with Russians, South America with Spaniards and Portugese, Africa with Europe, and North America with all the world, until the United States has become a plain of Shinar where all the tongues twisted at

influential colored men, mostly a mixture of Hottentot and Boer or Hottentot and English, who urged me to start an industrial mission among them, they promising to do a fair share toward supporting it. Another thing that surprised me was the caste spirit and prejudice between the Hottentot and the Kaffir.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,  
To see oursels as ithers see us."

The Hottentots whom the world



PARLIAMENT HOUSE IN CAPE TOWN, SOUTH AFRICA,  
with Table Mountain in the background.

Babel are soon to be re-united in the mighty English speech. The first tower was built of brick; will the mighty trust recently organized attempt among other audacious things, to build one of steel that shall not only scrape the clouds but pierce the heavens? If men could go to heaven in an elevator, what a scramble there would be to get in.

Another thing that surprised me soon after my arrival at Cape Town was a visit from a committee of prominent and

classifies, unjustly I believe, as one of the lowest of races, think themselves the salt of the earth, too good to come in contact with the Kaffir. The Kaffir, who, by the way, is a magnificent savage, tall, lithe and graceful, with a pleasant, open face and a big, three-story head with high, intellectual brow where intelligence gazes at one from the soul's windows, looks down on the Hottentot; and so, like the Jews and Samaritans of a highway of steel five thousand miles

old, they have no dealings with each other. This fact makes it easier for the English to rule both tribes; and this mutual prejudice is not discouraged by the missionaries. Christianity seems to be more impotent in the presence of prejudice than of actual sin. Her servants can cross stormy seas, climb dangerous heights, penetrate bleak and barren wastes where there is nothing valuable but a human soul, but to conquer the recoil of one soul from another living in a different painted house, is one of the triumphs of the future. The disciples, even those whom Jesus loved, were all too ready to call down fire from heaven or from their men of war, upon their Samaritan neighbor who did not receive the Gospel within a fortnight. Still, still comes the sad rebuke, "Ye know not of what spirit ye are."

While at Cape Town, I visited the modern Colossus of Rhodes. He no longer bestrode the Pillars of Hercules, but had stepped across the tropics, and then stood with one foot on the shore of the Zambezi and the other at "Groote Schuur," his grand old Dutch estate in the suburbs of Cape Town.

Mr. Rhodes was the son of a poor English clergyman who went out to South Africa with an empty pocket-book, a pair of weak lungs, and a pair of strong hands that had the grip of a bull-dog, especially on "commercial assets," no matter whether they were gold mines, diamond mines, savage kings' throats, Boer Republics, or British flag.

These are the days when individual men are simplifying the question of ownership. One man owns the bread-box, another the meat-house, another the oil-can, another the machine-shop and the highways of the earth. Mr. Rhodes owned the jewel-case and King Solomon's mines and was then purporting to cast up a highway in the desert,—long, the granite backbone of Africa, from Cape Town to Cairo.

He received me very cordially in his brusque, business-like way. He was tall, white-haired, and exceedingly nervous and twitchy. He reminded me of a picture of some stern old world-weary Roman emperor, sated with this life and dreading the life to come. When I told him I was a Baptist missionary, he asked me what they believed, and when I explained to him briefly the religious tenets of the Baptists, he turned to his affable secretary with a half-sad, cynical, hopeless smile that seemed to say, "that is all very well for those who can believe it, but I know nothing of these things; I have no hope." I thought then, "What will it profit him on whose brow the melting snows have already fallen, if he does win the gold of Ophir? Rich beyond the dreams of avarice, a heart-sick old bachelor." Well, he has paid the great debt, and we are not to sit in judgment. It may seem ungracious and ungrateful that I should write this way of one who gave me a pass both ways over his line, which at that time carried one fourteen hundred miles into the interior of Africa, and who told me to select a piece of land for a mission station, no matter how large, and report to him and he would give it to me. I write without a trace of ill will, more in sorrow than in anger. Poor as I am, I would not have changed places with the empire builder of South Africa for the entire continent, much less a few of its richer mines.

In another article I may write something of the gold mines, the late war and the missionaries, for Africa is pre-eminently the gift of the missionaries. Almost all that it is or will be depends on them. It is pre-eminently the continent where the Kingdom of Heaven and its righteousness must first be sought, then all other things,—agriculture, commerce, manufactures,—shall be added. You cannot civilize the savage of the Congo or the Soudan until you have Christianized him.

**ADDRESS AT DEDICATION OF MEMORIAL MONUMENT  
TO  
THE NEGRO SLAVES  
OF BARRINGTON, R. I., JUNE 14, 1903.**

HON. THOS. W. BICKNELL, A. M., LL. D.,  
Ex-Commissioner of Public Schools, Rhode Island.

In the year 1653, just two and one-half centuries ago, Gov. Thomas Prince, Gov. William Bradford, Captain Myles Standish, and their associates of Plymouth Colony, purchased of Massasoit, Chief Sachem of the Wampanoags, the territory between Narragansett Bay and Ancient Rehoboth, known by the Indian name of Sowams. Governor Prince owned the lands on the South bank of Sowams River, including this beautiful eminence,—overlooking this peaceful river, the picturesque landscape and the Bay,—Prince's Hill, which bears and will ever hold, his honored name.

In this historic year and on this sacred as well as historic plot of land, we meet to-day for a unique and a holy purpose, to dedicate this monument to perpetuate the memories of "Negro Slaves and their Descendants who faithfully served Barrington families." This memorial stone, a white quartz boulder, like those it commemorates, is of foreign birth,—possibly thousands of miles to the North, as were these black men thousands of miles to the South and East. Cut from the mountains without hands, tossed about, knocked, smoothed and polished by the great glacial movement of an earlier age, finding at last its permanent landing place on Rhode Island soil, how like in many respects to the people for whom it shall forever stand. From the mountains of Africa, the cold, selfish,

glacial movement of the Slave Trade broke great boulder races, sweeping them on in its terrible, tumultuous on-going to our American, New England lands and society, here to be tossed about, smoothed, polished, civilized, enlightened by the race conflicts, toils, tears, struggles, disfranchisement as human chattels, and their final enfranchisement to full manhood, citizenship and fellowship in the great brotherhood of nations, yet to be illustrated and perfected on New England and American soil.

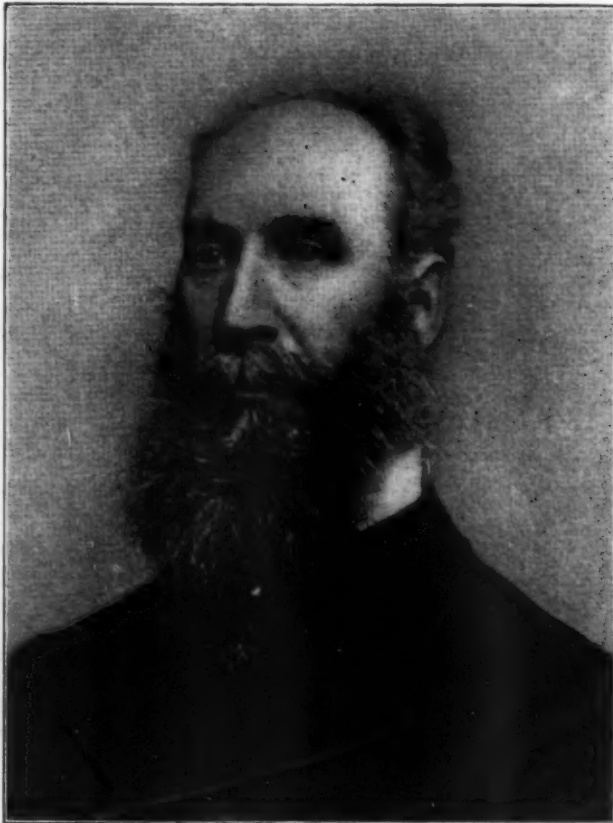
Slavery and the Slave Trade belong to Ancient History, so ancient as to be called institutions of "Divine Origin and Command." From the settlement of America by permanent Colonies, slavery as a part of the domestic life of the old world became an inheritance of all the Colonies of the new world. Although, by the "Body of Liberties," the Code of Massachusetts Bay Colony, 1641, a child of slavery was as free as any other child, and no person was ever legally held to servitude in Massachusetts as being the offspring of a slave mother. Humane treatment was secured to servants during bondage and an adequate temporary provision when it expired. (Palfrey's History of New England, Vol. I, Page 282.)

In 1749, two years after Barrington was transferred from the jurisdiction of Massachusetts to that of Rhode Island,



our adopted State had a population of 28,000 whites and 3,000 blacks, most of whom were slaves. Twenty-five years later, at the outbreak of the American Revolution, Henry Cabot Lodge is authority for the estimate of 700 slaves in New Hampshire, 5,000 in Massachusetts, 6,000 in Connecticut, and 3,000 in Rhode Island, or about 15,000 slaves in

punishment by whipping was carefully limited; they were taught the three Rs, and especially the reading of the Bible. So great was the apparent equality of master and slave in these states that a Boston lady spoke with surprise of having seen Negroes eat at their owners' tables and of a case of arbitration between a master and his slave. Mr. Hig-



HON. THOMAS W. BICKNELL, A. M., LL. D.

a total population of about 70,000 people. (History of the English Colonies in America, Henry Cabot Lodge, page 408.) As late as the Revolution the newspapers of Rhode Island and Massachusetts contained advertisements of "Parcels of Irish Servants For Sale," as well as Negroes in prices varying from £5 to £50. ,

These Massachusetts and Rhode Island slaves were, as a rule, kindly treated;

ginson in his "History of the United States," (page 237) mentions Robert Hazard of Narragansett as being one of the largest slave owners of Rhode Island, who congratulated himself on the small limits to which he had reduced his household, having only seventy slaves in kitchen and parlor. He had in his dairy twelve Negro women, all slaves, each having a young girl to assist her; each dairymaid had the care of twelve

cows, and was expected to make from one to two dozen cheeses every day. Another Narragansett slave owner, Rowland Robinson, said impulsively one day, "I have not servants enough; go fetch me some from Guinea." Upon this, the master of a packet of twenty tons, belonging to Mr. Robinson, set sail for Guinea and brought home eighteen slaves, one of whom was a king's son. Mr. Robinson burst into tears on the arrival of the slaves, as his order was not

that portion of the church occupied by the poor slaves, since she had despised them in life and wished them to trample on her when dead.

#### DOMESTIC SLAVERY IN BARRINGTON.

Of its beginning, we have no date. It ended legally with the abolition of slavery in the year 1784. It was suggested by Washington in 1782, in this wise. Most of the Rhode Island troops



MR. BICKNELL'S STUDY.

seriously given. This took place on Boston Neck in South Kingstown, Rhode Island, a little over a hundred years ago. It was in Cambridge, Mass., that Longfellow found the tradition of a lady who was buried by her own order with slave attendants:

"At her feet and at her head,  
Lies a slave to attend the dead;  
But their dust is as white as hers."

A Virginia dame, on the other hand, directed the burial of her body beneath

were needed in home defence, and General Washington, wanting more troops, proposed that slaves should be enlisted, with the condition that they should be given their freedom in consideration of patriotic services in behalf of their adopted land. This proposal was accepted, and antedates the slave liberation of Lincoln by just eighty years. At the time of the Revolution, Barrington had about fifty-five slaves in twenty-two families. We know the names of twelve Barrington slaves who won their freedom, as well as that of the Colonies,

in that great struggle. Their names were:

JACK ALLIN,  
CATO BANNISTER  
PRINCE BROWN,  
PRINCE INGRAHAM,  
JOSEPH SACHOROSE,  
POMP WATSON,  
PRINCE ALLIN,  
PERO BICKNELL,  
SCIPIO FREEMAN,  
POMP SMITH,  
PRINCE TIFFANY,  
PRINCE WATSON.

One of these, Scipio Freeman (Richmond) buried in the Allin yard at Drownville, has a S. A. R. marker at his headstone. Another marker is placed near this monument to honor the other Revolutionary patriots of the Negro race, who are buried here and there, in unknown and unmarked graves, in various places in the town. With this monument to represent and mark the resting places of all the Negroes of Barrington, slaves and their descendants, the perpetual respect and honor of generations innumerable shall here find expression at the graves of black heroes, with souls as white as the snowy mantle that nature shall spread above them.

I do not propose to repeat the story of Barrington Slaves and Slavery, told in the History of Barrington, and within the reach of all, but rather let me speak for a brief space on "The Debt we owe the American Negro Slaves and Their Descendants," be it in New England or in the "Sunny South," in Barrington, Rhode Island, or in Charleston, Savannah, Atlanta, Mobile, or New Orleans.

For the space of nearly three centuries the Anglo-Saxon and the Negro races as superior and inferior, by the free choice and act of the white race, and against the will and wish of the black race, have held the relation of lordship and vassalage, of master and ser-

vant. Like all the relations of society and life, this intimate, close fellowship and mutual dependence has been a mixture of good and evil to both races, and it would be a difficult problem to decide as to which has been the greater gainer or loser thereby. Certain it is that along many lines the Negro race has been civilized and benefited by the relationship, while the white race has lost in productive energy, in political sagacity, and in moral power. It is true however that no other inferior race on the face of the globe, could have been brought through the experiences of three hundred years of chattell slavery with so great indebtedness and so little losses on both sides of the race ledger. Let us see how the account stands.

We have witnessed in the American Negro a docility and tractableness unexampled in the history of other subject and inferior races. Search history and you will find the pathway of nations made blood-red by the revolutions and the struggles of the weak to throw off the shackles of the strong. For three centuries, the eyes of the Negro slaves were strained almost to bursting for freedom, and praying for its morning star, yet they never lifted their arms or moved a foot towards their promised land. Even John Brown at Harper's Ferry failed to stir their hearts to revolt and massacre. They waited for the standard of revolt to be raised by their masters, and then for the great law of emancipation to break their shackles. Hardships, separation of families, the cruel lash, the taskmaster, sufferings mental and physical untold, stand to the credit of a race that never smote its oppressor.

Faithfulness and devotion to his master and his master's family have made the Southern Negro's name a synonym of trust and honor. Home and wife and children and property were safe under the watchful police of the



Negro slave, even while the master drew the sword to sever the nation in order to perpetuate slavery. Such an example of race faithfulness and consecration to duty has not been known on any other page of history, outside of the annals of the Civil War.

The patient, unrequited toil of this race of faithful servants is another asset which cannot be calculated by the millions of earnings of slave labor of three millions of docile, hard-working slaves. The products of twenty states were the results of the toil of millions of Negroes who died in the slave-quarters in which they were born, with the cradle blanket as their winding sheet, and nothing more.

Add to these grand assets the proverbial hopefulness, cheerfulness, tact, sagacity, shrewdness, wit, and fun-loving spirit of this Negro race. Through all these dark and trying years, the Negro has never lost hope, never his broad-chest laugh, never his song in the night, and never his ability to steal his master's chickens with the utmost ability to prove his innocence. And yet once more, I see the Negro race, so full of hope and good cheer, so patient in toil and suffering, so docile and governable, so constant in friendship, so brave in war, so forgiving in spirit, so unvengeful, so tactful, so prayerful, so religious though superstitious, cross the Red Sea and the Jordan into their Promised Land of Freedom,—a land not yet flowing with milk and honey, even after its formal possession for forty years. Will these slaves, in a generation or a century, take up the white man's burdens of struggle and show the capacity of free-men? Will they put on the raiment of steady toil, and become the masters of their own fortunes? Will they enter into the competitive industries with their former masters with a fair expectation of success in the race for life, for education, for wealth, for fortune? or will

they sink down to a doom more fearful than human slavery, to the degradation of abject poverty, of hopeless slothfulness, and of moral death? The answers come from Armstrong at Hampton, from Washington at Tuskegee, from Fiske at Nashville, so strong and overwhelming that the wisest, the strongest, and the truest friends of the Negro race stand amazed at the progress this people have made on the very rice, cotton and cane fields, and sugar plantations where they worked as slaves. The great financier and philanthropist of the world sees merit and wisdom and power enough in one Negro ex-slave to put into his hands, in trust, to use for his race, \$600,000, as a testimony to the matchless superiority of this Washington of our century,—a compliment never before paid to any one man of any race.

When the Negro race assumed its freedom and the responsibility of the ballot, wisely entrusted to him, though not always wisely used by him or by any other race, he entered bravely, courageously, ignorantly even into a contest with the white race that would have appalled men of any other race, character and temperament. To their credit stands an ambition springing out of the sterile soil of long oppression, a thirst for knowledge from minds which had never known the satisfaction of books and learning, a desire for power born of the weakness of infantile strength, and a determination to achieve manhood out of the mental, moral and physical debauchment of the old sensual life of slavery. In moral grandeur and sublimity, I know of no people that can compare with this Negro race. Facing race prejudice and hostility, facing poverty and all the handicaps of long bondage, this Negro race stands squarely, meeting the problems of our twentieth century civilization and solving them by the powers and processes of educated toil and economic

thrift. In Agriculture and Floriculture, in the Mechanic Arts, in Mining and in Manufacturing, in Shop-Keeping, in Banking, in Teaching, and in fact in every Art, Craft and Trade known to the white race, the black man is to-day making a successful stewardship. He has learned that it is better to do and dare than to die, and all this stands to the credit of the Negro race, three centuries from the heart of Africa. In 1863, the Negroes of Virginia did not own themselves. To-day, these same Negroes or their descendants own themselves, and nearly twenty millions of taxable property. In 1863, not a Negro in the Southern States attended a public school. To-day, forty years later, the school house door swings inward to the Negro children in every Southern as well as Northern State, and an Academic and College education is within the possible possession of every child of this slave race.

With such a record for nobility of character and faithful services for three centuries as appears to the credit of this race which has so singularly entered into the construction and direction of the American nation, there is certainly a debt due, the payment for which at its face value will enhance the interests of all the complex racial product of this Western civilization. While their future is in our hands, our future is as closely linked with theirs.

"The laws of changeless justice bind  
Oppressor with oppressed;  
And close as sin and suffering joined,  
We march to Fate abreast."

The strength and perpetuity of the white race rests on the principles of justice and manhood,—equality as applied to men of all races and of all colors. A strong race becomes weak by injustice and oppression, while a weak race gathers strength by labor, suffering and sacrifice.

It needs no argument to prove that we owe the Negro Race a home on the American Continent; three hundred years of occupation as tenants against their will, at the outset, and the price of countless years of unrequited toil and of unblessed tears, and blood in slavery, have bought the right to live forever, as they must and will, on our American soil. Four millions in 1860, eight millions in 1900, twenty-five millions in 1950, seventy-five millions in the year 2000, they will certainly fulfil the Bible injunction, "Be fruitful, multiply and replenish the earth." And if the teachings of their great leaders are followed, the homes of the Negro race will become the centers of intelligence, virtue and domestic happiness, such as the world needs.

And these homes will be mainly in the semi-tropical states, where these people have been domiciled, acclimated, and envired for the whole period of our history, and where they will achieve their full emancipation first. I look to the South rather than to the North for the true, final solution of the Negro problem. The Southern people belong to the superior race, and by right of such superiority, should bear rule in the South; and no true friend of the Republic should, under present conditions, dispute that right. The carpet-bag rule of Northern adventurers, leading captive the black race to their schemes of plunder on the Southern States, constitutes the most infamous page in American political history, and the Southland would have been recreant to its trust and heritage had it not overthrown and overwhelmed the usurper. The real South is magnanimous,—the leaders mean to be just in the midst of natural prejudice, born of juxtaposition to a former enslaved race. The South knowing the black man better than the North, it understands the Negro problem better than we, and from recent ut-

terances it is fair to believe that the centers of educational and political influence are making rapid advances towards the recognition of the Negro race as a factor of supreme value in the industrial development of that great section. With great strategy, Booker T. Washington has won the most brilliant victories for his race in the black belt of Alabama, surrounded by the descendants of slave-owners, and a Southern audience at Atlanta, the intellectual metropolis of the South, was the first to be carried off its feet by the eloquence of this great leader, speaking in behalf of his race at the opening of the Atlanta Exposition. There will be prejudice, there will be passionate utterances and acts, there will be adverse legislation, there will be innumerable obstacles of every name thrown in the path of this Negro race in its march from Egypt to Canaan. But the march will be made, men will fall by the way, blood may mark the footprints to its Homeland, but that land it will reach by devious paths by day and by night; it will be weary and heavy-laden in its journey, but at the end a race of strong, manly, victorious crusaders shall be welcomed to their victory by the very armies of toilers and fighters, who have challenged every foot of progress in this competitive struggle of the two races on Southern soil for homes, protection and peace, under the flag that floats equally over all races.

"All men are created free and equal" is the opening sentence of the immortal Declaration of Independence, since logically re-enforced by the XIII, XIV, and XV amendments to our Constitution, making slavery and involuntary servitude and all discriminations growing out of differences in race, color, social conditions, or physical or mental inferiority, unconstitutional under the American Flag. It is true that the Negro belongs to an inferior race, with the

marks of the collar still on his neck, but the man of Anglo-Saxon blood must never forget that his ancestor was once a cow-herd, with the collar on his neck and the shackles and brands on his wrists. The Saxon outgrew his collar and shackles, and so will the Negro, but he will rise to his full and larger manhood, not by revolt, nor by strikes, for a Negro labor-strike is an unknown quantity in the political, social, or industrial world. The Negro more than any other race, is the product of his environment, and more than other races, he seeks and needs leadership. His battle is that of the whole people for the right to rise by honest labor, intelligence and virtue, a struggle into which the factor of color should not enter. The pigment of the skin neither makes nor unmakes manhood. Character and conduct shape the destinies of men and nations, and their grooves run deeper than the lines of the flesh. A black man whitens out in the alchemy of the pure white light of moral character. At no point in the great doctrine of equality does the Negro menace our institutions. It is the white man, not the black, who asks race disfranchisement. It is the white man's lust that bleaches the African color and changes the curly hair to straight. It is the white man's discrimination and prejudice that created the Jim-Crow car and applauds a frivolous chambermaid in refusing to make the bed of one of the whitest souled men on the Continent, the latchet of whose shoes she is not worthy to unloose.

Political equality is the essential attribute of a Republic. Social equality is the nightmare of hair-brained fanatics. Physical, mental and moral equality are the products of education, experience, and generations of testing and sifting, realizing therefrom the survival of the fittest in the great conflict of life.

Education in the broadest sense is a debt due to the Negro race. That is the



universal lever to lift all races and conditions to higher levels. The school saves from savagery. To the honor of every American State, North and South, the Negro children are provided with school houses, books and teachers. "This education," says the late Dr. Curry, of Virginia, the friend of both races, "is more vital to our internal peace and prosperity than are navies and territorial expanses to our national demence." Make it what you will for the Negro race, primary, collegiate, or industrial, it must in the final aim and effort be for the enfranchisement of a higher manhood and purer morals, the sure safeguards of citizenship. Happy will it be if the free school shall reflect from the inferior race the higher moral character of the superior white race, for the Negro of the year 2000 will be the product of our twentieth century action and influence. We need also to open all doors of industry and opportunity to the Negro as to the white man in proportion to his ability and capacity to enter the competitive race. The door of Hope with the sympathetic welcome should stand open for this emancipated free man to enter, and the voice of every true patriot will be full of cheer and courage to the brother belated by the storms and stress of the march. Justice, too, must be blind,—color-blind,—in her treatment of those misled by temptation and allured into paths of sin and crime. The crimes of a colored man might be condoned in the eyes of the Law if we considered that he belongs to the childhood of a race which cannot be held to so strict an account as the more favored and superior white man. The greater light is the law of the greater sin. Justice is always tempered with mercy when ignorance blinds the mind and the heart. The superior race can never be just to itself except as it is absolutely just to the inferior in its midst or without its bounds, and retribution is sure to follow

in the tracks of legalized or wanton injustice.

The white man's home, his family, his property, his reputation, his civil rights, his ballot, his education, his religious freedom, his life, are secure only when he jealously guards the same rights of life, liberty and happiness to the Negro. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" are the words of eternal truth for all times and people. "If we deny to the individual, no matter what his creed, color, or nationality, the right to justice, which every man possesses, there will be no enduring national prosperity, and national decline will follow. The deeds which uplift or degrade human character measure the life of a nation," are wisdom's words from Collis P. Huntington. A warm spot should be found in every patriot's heart for the man who helped to save his adopted land under the lead of the great Washington of the Revolution, who, in his extremity, called on the Negro race as the last safeguard of the liberties of the Colonies, and in the darkest hours of our Civil War, the Emancipation Proclamation and the enlistment of Negro troops in the United States service, as evolved from the policy and statesmanship of Abraham Lincoln, were the first signs of the dawn of day in that great struggle.

Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, in command of twenty-five regiments of colored troops at New Market Heights on the James River, in describing the charge of three thousand Negroes, the murderous fire, the several lines of abatis overcome, the final charge, the retreat of the enemy, says: "It became my painful duty to follow in the track of that charging column, and there in a space not wider than twenty feet and three hundred yards long, lay the dead bodies of 543 if my colored soldiers, slain in defence of their country, and who had laid down their lives as a willing sacrifice; and as

I rode along among them, guiding my horse this way and that way, lest he should profane with his foot what seemed to me the sacred dead, and I looked on their bronzed faces upturned in the shining sun to heaven, as if in mute appeal against the wrongs of that country for which they had given their lives, and whose flag had only been to them a flag of stripes on which no star of glory had shone for them,—feeling that I had wronged them in the past, and believing what was the future of my country to them,—among my dead comrades there I swore to myself a solemn oath: 'May my right hand forget its cunning and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I ever fail to defend the rights of these men who have given their blood for me and my country this day and for their grace forever,' and, God helping me, I will keep that oath."

We who are assembled on Prince's Hill to-day stand by the graves of men and women who served the families of

Barrington faithfully and some of them offered their lives to Freedom's Cause in the Revolutionary struggle. By these humble mounds under which sleep the dusky children of African birth, by the marker of the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, standing here to represent all their patriot dead, by this white boulder, supported at each corner by its black iron stone support, emblematic of the relations of the two races, in trusty support, let us as members of the Loyal Legion of America, pledge a solemn oath that we will be true to the race that has always been true to us, that we will defend its rights, when assailed, and that in our support of the great principles for which our fathers lived and died, we will know no creed, no race, no color, under the fatherhood of God, in the brotherhood of man, and in the full hope of the final emancipation of the human race to Freedom under gracious laws and wise rulers to earth's remotest limits.

## THE UNMENTIONABLE CRIME.

JAMES SAMUEL STEMONS.

In bespeaking of the public a generous consideration of this pamphlet, I feel that some explanation is due.

The article (in essentially its present form) was first submitted to different newspapers and magazines of the country two years ago. It was rejected by them all, though some of the editors sent me letters highly commendatory in tone, while seeking to justify their rejection of the article because of the delicacy of the subject discussed. The following is a letter in reference to the article, received by me from one of the foremost weekly magazines of the country:

"Mr. James Samuel Stemons:

"My Dear Sir,—This is an important and valuable article, and I would like to

print it; but the subject is one which it is perhaps not easy to discuss."

This letter is but a reflection of the spirit of most other editors to whom the article was submitted. Still most of them (or the newspaper editors at least) have no hesitancy in giving the most glaring and shocking details of the crimes which they deem too delicate to be discussed in a rational way; the result of which incongruity having been to indirectly engender a most malignant and unreasonable sentiment against the entire colored race. Indeed, so intense is becoming this feeling against Negroes that it has become dangerous for individuals to defend themselves against ruffianly white men for fear of precipitating violent outbreaks against the en-

ture race. News comes from Lorain, Ohio, in the heart of the Western Reserve, long noted for its generous sentiment toward Negroes, of a Negro who, in an altercation with a white man, cut him with a razor, whereupon he and his companion were set upon by a mob of three hundred white men, the two Negroes barely escaping with their lives. Dispatches tell of hundreds of law-abiding Negroes in rural districts being compelled to abandon their homes and seek refuge in the South, two coaches filled with Negroes on such a journey, having recently passed through Evansville, Ind., at one time.

Yet it must be evident to every rational-minded person that calm, non-biased, non-inflammatory treatment of this broad subject by press and public would make such inhuman outbreaks against the Negro race an impossibility. I do not believe that the general public are so coy and averse to hearing the unbiased truth about these conditions as the majority of editors seem to think they are. I believe that there are in the bosoms of true Americans an underlying current in favor of justice and fair play, when once they come to see a question in its true light. It is because of the, what seems to me, indefensible reluctance of the press to deal squarely with this question, that I appeal to the great liberty-loving public for a more liberal adjustment of public opinion. I trust that the article will be received in the conciliating and forbearing spirit which it is offered. It is written in the earnest hope of allaying, rather than generating racial friction; of in a measure vindicating the Negro, who seems destined to be long held under a ban of baseless and blighting obloquy, unless a generous public consents to make a calm and unbiased, rather than an excited and one-sided study of this disagreeable subject.

THE AUTHOR.

Public attention has of late been directed with peculiar force to certain crimes which are being committed by American Negroes, mobs amounting to thousands in number, in outbursts of righteous indignation, often appeasing their fury by stretching the necks of the brutes with hempen cords, or burning them at the stake.

But it has been a long time since the first crime of this kind was committed by a Negro; and dreadful to contemplate, it is likely to be a long time before the last one will have been committed. Arson, murder, rape and similar crimes for which normal-minded men can see neither incentive, excuse nor justification have been, and will continue to be committed by a class of moral perverts who defy alike the voice of reason, appeal of friends, threat of foes, and torture of avengers. Had self-respecting Negroes the least ground for believing that such methods (barbarous as they may seem) would rid their race of moral degenerates, they would, without question, be in the vanguard of those who lynch and torture such brutes as are here referred to. But Negroes know, all rational-minded persons know, have seen it demonstrated over and over, that men who are capable of committing such crimes place the gratification of their infernal passions above life, against death in its most horrible form. The most that Negroes can do, the most that any person can do, is to inveigh against crime, and insist upon swift and condign punishment for all criminals.

A monster of this stripe does not consult the convenience, the likes and dislikes of society; does not reveal the secrets of his polluted heart; does not serve notice of his intention to wreck a life, blast a home, degrade a race; but lets fly the javelin of his fiendish passion at the most unexpected time, upon the least suspecting person. How many Negroes are infected with this germ of in-



explicable madness? The secret can be revealed only as they, one after another, give vent to their brutal instincts. It seems useless to go into chronic hysteria over the acts of a criminal after his deed is committed; and there is no known way of anticipating and circumventing the foul crime which he holds in contemplation. There is one way, and only one way, of ridding the Negro race of individuals who are liable at any time, in defiance of a bitter race hatred that would tear them in pieces, burn them at the stake; with contempt for the importunities of their best friends of both races—there is but one way of ridding the colored race of individuals who are liable at any time to unbridle their beastly natures, and that is by completely ridding the race of its debased and ignorant element. Not that all, or any considerable proportion of ignorant Negroes have a predilection for such crimes; but that it is not (to my knowledge) on record wherein such a crime was ever charged against a Negro who was not known to be ignorant and debased.

Since it is impossible to anticipate the actions of criminals, or to stamp out this crime from among ignorant Negroes, the question that appeals to the colored race, to every lover of justice, is: Must every crime committed by a beastly Negro be followed by an outburst of public feeling against the entire race? Are Negroes to be insulted, assaulted, mobbed and murdered without discrimination because of the brutality of degenerate individuals? If this is the treatment that Americans have in store for the black man, it is high time for them to hearken to the demands of the National Colored Immigration Association, and prepare to get rid of the Negro problem by getting rid of the Negro. The tendency to stigmatize, denounce, and even do violence to colored men in general because of the laxity of individu-

als is becoming more and more pronounced throughout this entire country. The riotous conditions in Wilmington, Evansville and Danville, were but repetitions of similar outbreaks against Negroes in various other localities within the past few months, following crimes charged against individuals of the race.

It does not take the second thought to convince one that such a state of public sentiment is one-sided, unreasonable, without justification and due solely to a tendency to apply color distinction to men accused of certain crimes. In what way can the bitter outbreaks against Negroes, individually and collectively, be accounted for if it is not that a certain class of people condone in white men, and fasten upon individuals, crimes which when committed by Negroes drive them to frenzy and to bitter arraignment of Negroes in general? When a white man commits a moral crime he is regarded as a freak, a monstrosity, an alien to his race; while the agitation and frenzy set in motion by a Negro degenerate is so pronounced and relentless as to inevitably direct public feeling against the entire race. Were public attention directed to the crime, and not to the criminal, calm, candid reflection would awaken any one to the fact that Negroes are not the only moral perverts, and that a sentiment which will burn a Negro and stigmatize his race for a crime which when committed by a white man produces little more than passing comment is at once unjust, alarming and dangerous.

Believing that the public is willing to be detracted from any course which is grossly unjust to a weaker race, I here present an extensive record of the crimes against females in America, trusting that a comparison of the records of both races may guide the people to a more liberal adjustment of public opinion. I make no pretense that this record is accurate, but I do say that it is abso-

lutely impartial, and therefore as fair for one race as it is for the other.

Beginning with the 23d of June, 1900, I have carefully scanned from one to three daily (Philadelphia) newspapers, and preserved the account of every outrage and of every attempted outrage that these papers recorded. According to these newspapers there have been between June 23, 1900, and June 23, 1903, 204 assaults and attempted assaults upon females in this country. Forty-nine of these crimes were committed by Negroes; three by Chinese and 152 by white men. Nine Negroes were burned at the stake; fifteen were lynched; eleven barely escaped lynching, and only eight, three of whom were twelve-year-old boys, escaped a determined effort of lynchers. Four white men were lynched; two were pursued by armed posses, and seventy-eight failed to create any outburst of public feeling.

Of the victims of Negroes, one was 18 years of age; one was 16; three were 14; three were 13; two were 12; two were 11; four were 10; three were 6; one was 5; one was 4; two were "little girls," and the remaining 26 were adults. The victims of the Chinese men were aged 11, 5 and "two little girls," respectively. While of the victims of white men, two were 18 years of age, one of whom, a resident of Media, Pa., was the daughter of her despoiler; three were 17; six were 16; two others were 15 and 16 respectively, of Elizabeth, N. J., and the daughters of the culprit, one of whom charged her father with "pointing a revolver at her and threatening to kill her if she did not grant his unnatural demands." Five others were 15, one of whom was the niece of her assailant, the proprietor of a Camden bottling company; eight were 14, one of whom was the niece of her despoiler, another Camden man; two were 13; two were 12; two were 11; five were 10; seven were 9, two of whom were colored; four

were 8, one of whom was the daughter of her assailant, a resident of Philadelphia; three were 7; two were 6; two were 5; two were 4; one was 3; two were "little girls;" four were "tiny girls," the remaining 83 being adults.

The Negroes have in every case, with two exceptions, attacked their victims single-handed, the exceptions being two Negroes of Kansas City, who "attempted to assault a young girl;" and two twelve-year-old boys of Haddonfield, N. J., who in addition to robbery, were charged with "attempting to assault a little girl."

Of the white men accused, two of Schuylkill Haven, Pa., assaulted a 14-year-old child; three of Bridgeton, N. J., representing themselves as detectives, gained admission to the house of a lone woman, and were only frustrated in their foul crime by the screams of their victim and the timely arrival of the police.

In Altoona a husband on coming home, found his wife with her clothing torn in shreds, desperately struggling to keep three men from assaulting her. "The men were so engrossed in their attempt to commit the crime that they did not hear Mr. — enter the house." The husband stabbed all three of the men, one of whom it was reported would die. In New York City three young men lured a 16-year-old girl into a livery stable, repeatedly assaulted her and left her in a dying condition. In Patterson, N. J., seven men knocked down, bound and partially gagged two girls in a desperate attempt to assault them, other men answering the screams of the girls alone preventing the crime.

"Three well known young men" of Audenried, Pa., attacked and assaulted a married woman of that vicinity as she was returning home late at night, and the men were, at last accounts, fugitives from justice. At Auburn, Me., three men assaulted a woman; at Suffolk, Va., "a number of tramps" attempted to as-

sault Negro women. In Patterson, N. J., three men assaulted two girls; in Richmond, Va., "several young men" drugged and assaulted a 14-year-old girl, and it was reported that she could not recover. In New York three men drugged and assaulted a 16-year-old girl. In (or near) Scranton, five men assaulted a 14-year-old girl. In Philadelphia three men assaulted a 14-year-old child. In Wheeling, W. Va., two men, at the points of revolvers, took a 17-year-old girl from her escort, assaulted and murdered her, and threw her body into the Ohio River. In Richmond, Va., "several young men well known about town" drugged and brutally assaulted a 14-year-old child; and in Patterson, N. J., "four men of wealth and high position" gave knock-out-drops to a girl in order to place her in their power. From the effects of this drug, and the brutal treatment to which the men subsequently subjected her, the girl died. In commenting on this crime the Philadelphia "North American" said editorially:

"The Southern Negro of undeveloped brain, and the unrestrained appetite of an animal, is held to instant and inexorable account for such a crime. Yet the Patterson beasts are immeasurably guiltier than any black brute that ever was lynched by a Southern mob."

One peculiarity which observation reveals is that white and colored men seem to be alternately and periodically seized by a mania to commit the crime under discussion, white men remaining comparatively upright when Negroes are most fiendish, and vice versa. Although my record of facts covers a period of but three years, my observation for the past nine or ten years has been that this mania is of about two years' duration with each race, respectively, the majority of such crimes being committed in the heat of summer.

The years 1900 and 1901 are against

white men (more than 100 of the crimes recorded against them having been committed in the summer of 1901) during which time their attacks upon females were frequent, and many of them fiendish beyond belief. Since 1901 such crimes by white men have gradually subsided, I having a record of only sixteen against them within the past twelve months.

Outbreaks by Negroes were not numerous during the years 1900 and 1901. But beginning with 1902, their refractions have become more and more frequent (as well as brutal), fifteen of the forty-four crimes recorded against them having been committed within the last six months.

As to the proportionate number of these crimes: According to the Twelfth Census, Negroes represent about 12 per cent. of the population of this country, while they have committed 24 per cent. of the assaults. But it must be remembered that such crimes (especially with Negroes) are due to ignorance and illiteracy, and that while Negroes, representing only 12 per cent. of the population, have committed 24 per cent. of these crimes, they also represent more than 48 per cent. of the illiteracy of the country. (The Twelfth Census on illiteracy is not yet obtainable.)

Another fact which should not be overlooked is that no country, either pagan or Christian, other than the United States, is harrassed to any extent by the crime under discussion. It is generally conceded that prior to the emancipation of slaves such crimes among Negroes were practically unknown. Which race is responsible for the pestilential spread of this crime throughout America? When did the tendency of white men to such degeneracy begin? Were women safe with them (as they were with Negroes) prior to the Rebellion? And have they followed the example of Negroes in un-



bridling their beastly natures since that time? Or have Negroes since the dawn of freedom, in their foolish proclivity to ape the vices of white men, merely caught the pace set by white men decades ago? This is a dilemma; and it is optional with the white man as to which horn he grasps.

It seems to me to be a most palpable fact, which the people of this country, above all other people on earth, should be willing to recognize, that crime begets crime. I do not contend that crime necessarily begets criminals; but I do say that like crime evidently begets like crime. No felony which can be concocted by a fiendish brain is so revolting but that it will excite in the same direction the criminal instincts in countless others. I believe that upon no other hypothesis can the spread of the revolting crime under discussion, as well as

the spread of mob violence in this country, be explained. Crimes against society, whether committed by individuals, or by howling mobs, are but incentives to other moral degenerates to do the selfsame thing. A criminal, I think, is but a criminal, and the man who will pillage his neighbor's house; who will murder for gain; who will burn and mutilate his fellow-man, would have no compunction in despoiling innocence, or in committing any other act within the category of crime. Such persons are the inevitable product of progeniture. To condemn a race or society as a whole for such creatures is to condemn wheat for having chaff, or roses for having thorns. Let not upright men of either race be ostracized because of such wretches; and when it comes to arraignment: "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone."

## THE NEW BATTLE HYMN.

TOWNSEND ALLEN.

Again is heard the crying of the children  
in the night,  
They are praying to the Father to defend  
their legal right,  
They are praying him for justice swift  
against illegal might,  
Their race is marching on.

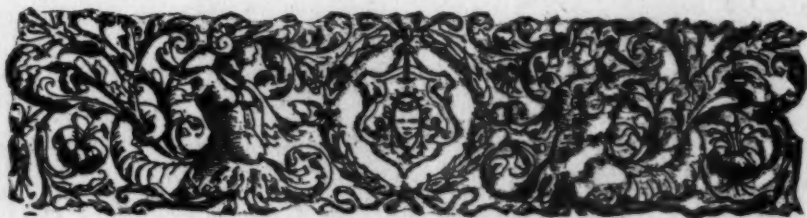
These children of the nation now are  
growing wise and strong,  
They have suffered long in silence, under  
selfish Southern wrong,  
But they know that rank injustice has  
been meted to them long,  
Their race is marching on.

Their rights by constitution have been  
quibbled quite away,  
The ballot taken from them so they ne'er  
can have fair play;  
They're accused and without trial are  
strung up the selfsame day,  
But their race is marching on.

It's "lynch 'em, lynch 'em, lynch 'em,  
there's no law for black men here,"  
"Tar and feather, shoot, and burn 'em,  
there is nobody to fear;"  
"This is the white man's country and no  
niggers wanted near,"  
But their race is marching on.

God's eye doth aye behold them, there's  
no "color line" on high,  
His ear is open to them, He hears every  
sob and cry;  
He sits in righteous judgment, every  
soul that sins shall die,  
Their race is marching on.

The mills of God grind slowly, but they  
grind exceeding small,  
It cost a millions lives or more to make  
the shackles fall;  
'Twill cost a million lives again, the  
wormwood and the gall,  
Their race is marching on.  
\*New York Tribune.



## OF ONE BLOOD.\*

## OR, THE HIDDEN SELF.

PAULINE E. HOPKINS.

## SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I. TO XIX.

Reuel Briggs, a young medical student, interested in mysticism, sees a face that haunts him. He attends a concert with his friend Aubrey Livingston, and there discovers in a negro concert-singer the owner of the mysterious face. He sees this woman again on Hallow Eve while playing at charms with a party of young people at Vance Hall, the home of Livingston's betrothed. Early the next morning he is called to attend the victims of a railroad disaster at the hospital. He finds among them the girl whose face haunts him, in a cataleptic sleep which the doctors call death. He succeeds in restoring her to consciousness, but with a complete loss of memory. She loses her identity as a negress. Reuel falls deeply in love with her. He finally restores her to health and determines to marry her, but finds his circumstances too straitened. Aubrey Livingston helps him out by offering to obtain for him a place in an expedition about to explore the ancient city of Meroe in Africa. Reuel accepts, but marries Dianthe before going on a two years' venture. After his departure Dianthe finds that Livingston is in love with her, and he acquires a power over her that she cannot resist. She agrees to fly with him against her will; but before the time set, they, with Molly Vance, go out canoeing and are overturned in the river, and all three are supposed to have been drowned.

The expedition reaches Africa. In crossing the Great Desert Reuel Briggs visits old ruins and is rescued from a leopard's claws by Vance. They are suspicious of Jim Titus, who pretended not to hear Briggs' calls for help. They receive no letters from home after leaving England, and one night, by clairvoyant aid, Reuel reads a letter that Titus has received. That same night, by mediumistic power, Briggs describes the overturning of the boat containing Molly, Dianthe and Aubrey, on the Charles River months before. The caravan reaches Meroe, and letters reveal the death of Dianthe and Molly. Reuel is sick for some weeks, and when he returns to health finds the expedition about to give up its search for treasure and return home. Wanders out one night while the camp is asleep and goes to the last pyramid. While exploring it he becomes unconscious. When consciousness returns he finds himself in a hidden city among the descendants of the ancient Ethiopians who await the return of their king. They claim Reuel as the expected monarch because of the royal birthmark on his breast,—a lotus lily. After this, under the name of Ergamenes, Reuel is betrothed to Queen Candace. He converses with Dianthe spiritually and learns of Livingston's treachery. While planning to escape from the hidden city, he hears a cry of distress. Charlie Vance and Jim Titus start to find Reuel, believing him lost in the pyramids. They are captured by Ai and confined in the palace. In endeavoring to escape, they find the hidden passage and treasure told of by Professor Stone. The treasure is guarded by serpents; they kill Titus. Reuel, aroused by the cry he heard, explores the passages of the palace and comes on Charlie Vance and the dying Jim, who tells him of Livingston's plot and warns him to rescue Dianthe.

## CHAPTER XIX.—(Concluded.)

One month after the events narrated in the previous chapter, a strange party stood on the deck of the out-going steamer at Alexandria, Egypt—Reuel and Charlie Vance, accompanied by Ai and Abdallah in the guise of servants. Ai had with great difficulty obtained

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permission of the Council to allow King Ergamenes to return to America. This was finally accomplished by Ai's being surety for Reuel's safe return, and so the journey was begun which was to end in the apprehension and punishment of Aubrey Livingston.

Through the long journey homeward two men thought only of vengeance, but with very different degrees of feeling. Charlie Vance held to the old Bible punishment for the pure crime of manslaughter, but in Reuel's wrongs lay something beyond the reach of punishment by the law's arm; in it was the accumulation of years of foulest wrongs heaped upon the innocent and defenceless women of a race, added to this last great outrage. At night he said, as he paced the narrow confines of the deck, "Thank God, it is night;" and when the faint streaks of dawn glowed in the distance, gradually creeping across the expanse of waters, "Thank God, it is morning." Another hour, and he would say, "Would God it were night!" By day or night some phantom in his ears holloes in ocean's roar or booms in thunder, howls in the winds or murmurs in the breeze, chants in the voice of the sea-fowl—"Too late, too late. 'Tis done, and worse than murder."

Westward the vessel sped—westward while the sun showed only as a crimson ball in its Arabian setting, or gleamed through a veil of smoke off the English coast, ending in the grey, angry, white-capped waves of the Atlantic in winter.

## CHAPTER XX.

It was believed by the general public and Mr. Vance that Molly and Dianthe had perished beneath the waters of the



Charles River, although only Molly's body was recovered. Aubrey was picked up on the bank of the river in an unconscious state, where he was supposed to have made his way after vainly striving to rescue the two girls.

When he had somewhat recovered from the shock of the accident, it was rumored that he had gone to Canada with a hunting party, and so he disappeared from public view.

But Dianthe had not perished. As the three struggled in the water, Molly, with all the confidence of requited love, threw her arms about her lover. With a muttered oath, Aubrey tried to shake her off, but her clinging arms refused to release him. From the encircling arms he saw a sight that maddened him--Dianthe's head was disappearing beneath the waters where the lily-stems floated in their fatal beauty, holding in their tenacious grasp the girl he loved. An appalling sound had broken through the air as she went down—a heart-stirring cry of agony—the tone of a voice pleading with God for life! the precious boon of life! That cry drove away the man, and the brute instinct so rife within us all, ready always to leap to the front in times of excitement or danger, took full possession of the body. He forgot honor, humanity, God.

With a savage kick he freed himself and swam swiftly toward the spot where Dianthe's golden head had last appeared. He was just in time. Grasping the flowing locks with one hand and holding her head above the treacherous water, he swam with her to the bank.

Pretty, innocent, tender-hearted Molly sank never to rise again. Without a word, but with a look of anguished horror, her despairing face was covered by the glistening, greedy waters that lapped so hungrily about the water-lily beds.

As Aubrey bore Dianthe up the bank his fascinated gaze went backward to the spot where he had seen Molly sink. To his surprise and horror, as he gazed the body rose to the surface and floated as did poor Elaine:

"In her right hand the lily,  
—All her bright hair streaming down—  
—And she herself in white,  
All but her face, and that clear-featured  
face  
Was lovely, for she did not seem as  
dead,  
But fast asleep, and lay as tho' she  
smiled."

Staggering like a drunken man, he made his way to a small cottage up the bank, where a woman, evidently expecting him, opened the door without waiting for his knock.

"Quick! here she is. Not a word. I will return to-night." With these words Livingston sped back to the river bank, where he was found by the rescuing party, in a seemingly exhausted condition.

For weeks after these happenings Dianthe lived in another world, unconscious of her own identity. It was early fall before her full faculties were once more with her. The influence which Livingston had acquired rendered her quiescent in his hands, and not too curious as to circumstances of time and place. One day he brought her a letter, stating that Reuel was dead.

Sick at heart, bending beneath the blight that thus unexpectedly fell upon her, the girl gave herself up to grief, and weary of the buffets of Fate, yielded to Aubrey's persuasions and became his wife. On the night which witnessed Jim Titus's awful death, they had just returned to Livingston's ancestral home in Maryland.

It would be desecration to call the passion which Aubrey entertained for

Dianthe, love. Yet passion it was—the greatest he had ever known—with its shadow, jealousy. Indifference on the part of his idol could not touch him; she was his other self, and he hated all things that stood between him and his love.

It was a blustering night in the first part of November. It was twilight. Within the house profound stillness reigned. The heavens were shut out of sight by masses of sullen, inky clouds, and a piercing north wind was howling. Within the room where Dianthe lay, a glorious fire burnt in a wide, low grate. A table, a couch and some chairs were drawn near to it for warmth. Dianthe lay alone. Presently there came a knock at the door. "Enter," said the pale woman on the couch, never once removing her gaze from the whirling flakes and sombre sky.

Aubrey entered and stood for some moments gazing in silence at the beautiful picture presented to his view. She was gowned in spotless white, her bright hair flowed about her unconstrained by comb or pin. Her features were like marble, the deep grey eyes gazed wistfully into the far distance. The man looked at her with hungry, devouring eyes. Something, he knew not what, had come between them. His coveted happiness, sin-bought and crime-stained, had turned to ashes—Dead-Sea fruit indeed. The cold gaze she turned on him half froze him, and changed his feelings into a corresponding channel with her own.

"You are ill, Dianthe. What seems to be your trouble? I am told that you see spirits. May I ask if they wear the dress of African explorers?"

It had come to this unhappy state between them.

"Aubrey," replied the girl in a calm, dispassionate tone, "Aubrey, at this very hour in this room, as I lay here, not sleeping, nor disposed to sleep,

there where you stand, stood a lovely woman; I have seen her thus once before. She neither looked at me nor spoke, but walked to the table, opened the Bible, stooped over it a while, seeming to write, then seemed to sink, just as she rose, and disappeared. Examine the book, and tell me, is that fancy?"

Crossing the room, Aubrey gazed steadfastly at the open book. It was the old family Bible, and the heavy clasps had grown stiff and rusty. It was familiar to him, and intimately associated with his life-history. There on the open page were ink lines underscoring the twelfth chapter of Luke: "For there is nothing covered that shall not be revealed, neither hid that shall not be known." At the end of this passage was written the one word "Nina."

Without a comment, but with anxious brows, Aubrey returned to his wife's couch, stooped and impressed several kisses on her impassive face. Then he left the room.

Dianthe lay in long and silent meditation. Servants came and went noiselessly. She would have no candles. The storm ceased; the moon came forth and flooding the landscape, shone through the windows upon the lonely watcher. Dianthe's restlessness was soothed, and she began tracing the shadows on the carpet and weaving them into fantastic images of imagination. What breaks her reverie? The moonlight gleams on something white and square; it is a letter. She left the couch and picked it up. Just then a maid entered with a light, and she glanced at the envelope. It bore the African postmark! She paused. Then as the girl left the room, she slipped the letter from the envelope and read:

"Master Aubrey,—I write to inform you that I have not been able to comply with your wishes. Twice I have trapped Dr. Briggs, but he has escaped

miraculously from my hands. I shall not fail the third time. The expedition will leave for Meroe next week, and then something will surely happen. I have suppressed all letters, according to your orders, and both men are feeling exceedingly blue. Kindly put that first payment on the five thousand dollars to my sister's credit in a Baltimore bank, and let her have the bank book. Next mail you may expect something definite.

"Yours faithfully,  
"Jim Titus."

Aubrey Livingston had gone to an adjoining city on business, and would be absent three or four days.

That night Dianthe spent in his library behind locked doors, and all about her lay open letters—letters addressed to her, and full of love and tenderness, detailing Reuel's travels and minutely describing every part of his work.

Still daylight found her at her work. Then she quitted it, closed up the desk, tied up the letters, replaced them, left the room, and returned to her boudoir to think. Her brain was in a giddy whirl, and but one thought stood out clearly in her burning brain. Her thoughts took shape in the one word "Reuel," and by her side stood again the form of the pale, lovely mulattress, her long black curls enveloping her like a veil. One moment—the next the room was vacant save for herself.

Reuel was living, and she a bigamist—another's wife! made so by fraud and deceit. The poor overwrought brain was working like a machine now—throbbing, throbbing, throbbing. To see him, hear his voice—this would be enough. Then came the thought—lost to her, or rather she to him—and how? By the plans of his would-be murderer. O, horrible, inhuman wretch! He had stolen her by false tales, and then had

polluted her existence by the breath of murder. Murder! What was murder? She paused and gasped for breath; then came the trembling thought, "Would he were dead!"

He would return and discover the opening of the letters. "O, that he were dead!"

She wandered about the grounds in the cold sunshine, burning with fever, and wild with a brain distraught. She wished the trees were living creatures and would fall and crush him. The winds in their fury, would they but kill him! O, would not something aid her? At last she sat down, out of breath with her wanderings and wearied by the tumult within her breast. So it went all day; the very heavens beckoned her to commit a deed of horror. She slept and dreamed of shapeless, nameless things that lurked and skulked in hidden chambers, waiting the signal to come forth. She woke and slept no more. She turned and turned the remainder of the night; her poor warped faculties recalled the stories she had read of Cenci, the Borgias, and even the Hebrew Judith. And then she thought of Reuel, and the things he had told her on many an idle day, of the properties of medicine, and how in curiosity she had fingered his retorts used in experiments. And he had told her she was apt, and he would teach her many things of his mysterious profession. And as she thought and speculated, suddenly something whispered, as it were, a name—heard but once—in her ear. It was the name of a poison so subtle in its action as to defy detection save by one versed in its use. With a shudder she threw the thought from her, and rose from her couch.

We know we're tempted. The world is full of precedents, the air with impulses, society with men and spirit tempters. But what invites sin? Is it not a something within ourselves? Are



we not placed here with a sinful nature which the plan of salvation commands us to overcome? If we offer the excuse that we were tempted, where is the merit of victory if we do not resist the tempter? God does not abandon us to evil prompters without a white-robed angel, stretching out a warning hand and pointing out the better way as strongly as the other. When we conquer sin, we say we are virtuous, triumphant, and when we fall, we excuse our sins by saying, "It is fate."

The days sped on. To the on-looker life jogged along as monotonously at Livingston Hall as in any other quiet home. The couple dined and rode, and

received friends in the conventional way. Many festivities were planned in honor of the beautiful bride. But, alas! these days but goaded her to madness. The uncertainty of Reuel's fate, her own wrongs as a wife yet not a wife, her husband's agency in all this woe, the frailness of her health, weighed more and more upon a mind weakened by hypnotic experiments. Her better angel whispered still, and she listened until one day there was a happening that turned the scale, and she pronounced her own dreadful doom—"For me there's no retreat."

(To be continued.)

## THE RACE PROBLEM.

WILLIAM R. E. GRIGSBY, LL. B.

The race question or problem is doubtless the most momentous problem of our civilization. The more it is discussed, the more intricate it seems. Considered with regard either to its scope or character, it is almost unprecedented in importance, difficulty, and the possible peril involved in its solution. It is not a new question. Slavery and the slave trade were only its earlier phases. Rebellion, reconstruction, and kukluxism were incidents attending its partial solution. For more than a hundred years it has been a running sore to the American people. The steps already taken toward its solution have cost the nation more than a million lives and many billions of dollars. It still confronts us unsolved and growing every year more perilous. In its essential element the Negro question has remained, from the very first, substantially unchanged. Slavery and its trade was based solely upon the claim that the white man was inherently superior to the Negro, and therefore had a right to

take, hold, subjugate and utilize the labor of the Negro, without compensation and without his consent. This was accounted a conclusive argument at that time.

Might and right were then very nearly convertible terms. The strong were always in the right, while the weak were peculiarly liable to error and, of course, required restraint. The sword and the stake were then approved. Theological arguments and difference of faith were almost as perilous to individual liberty as a contrast in the color of the skin.

Slavery held the same ground. Backed by the constitution, it held this position until the whole fabric of illusion based on the patriarchal anathema, "Cursed be Canaan," and the Apostolic injunction, "Servant, be obedient to your master," was swept away by a whelming tide of freemen's blood.

It is hardly necessary here to discuss the superiority of the white race or whether that fact confers a right to subordinate and control an inferior race.

The intelligence of to-day will not tolerate any such absurdity. But since this fact is made both a weapon and a shield for the inherent superior race, it may be well for us to notice briefly its fallacies.

Granting the claim of the inherent superiority of the white race, does that constitute a sufficient ground for the unlawful disfranchisement of the inferior race? The chief function of the government at the present time is to protect the weak against the strong. The past has shown conclusively that the white man of the South is not a fair nor a just guardian of the interests of the Negro. In two hundred and fifty years, while the Negro lay prostrate and helpless, appealing simply to the kindness, gratitude, and charity of the white man of the South, not one single act designed to ameliorate his condition or brighten his hope was placed on the statute-books of any of the Southern states. On the contrary, the last days of American slavery were infinitely worse than the first. Even the shreds of privileges that the slave had at one time enjoyed were stripped from him and the faint gleams of hope that once had gladdened his eyes, were excluded. It was made a felony to assist him to escape or to teach him to read, and the master was forbidden to liberate him at will.

However, many hundred made good their escape into Canada and into some of the free states of the Union. Many of those who aided them in their escape were apprehended and punished most severely. The Rev. John Rankin of Ohio was fined one thousand dollars, besides serving a term in prison; Rev. C. T. Torrey died in a Virginia prison, and many others, whom history records were punished for "Nigger stealing." This accounts for the "so-called satisfied" condition of the slave.

From the time the first muttering of the rebellion was heard, and the war cloud no larger than a man's hand ap-

peared on our country's horizon, the Negro believed, with an unswerving faith, that slavery was the cause of the war; that God was now ready to punish the despoiler, and let the oppressed go free.

Naturally he was ready, willing and anxious to do all in his power to help save the country by putting down the rebellion, and thereby proving himself worthy of the coveted boon of freedom.

But, alas, he was forced to conquer the most stubborn opposition before he was permitted to face the enemy on the battle field. In short, the whites did not believe the Negro would fight, and seemingly demanded that he prove himself a soldier before facing the enemy, reminding one of the father who cautioned his boy never to go near the water until he had learned to swim, or the Irishman who could not get on his boots until he had worn them a while.

During this exciting controversy the "New York Times," Feb. 16, 1863, summed up the objections to enlisting Negroes as follows:

First—The Negro will not fight.

Second—It is said that the whites will not fight with them, that the prejudice against them is so strong that our citizens will not enlist or will quit the service if compelled to fight by their sides, and thus we shall lose two white soldiers to the one black we shall gain.

Third—It is said we shall get no Negroes, or not enough to prove of any service.

Fourth—The use of Negroes will exasperate the South.

From this it can be readily seen why the Negro did not earlier make an attempt for freedom.

The honor of organizing the first regiment of Negro soldiers belongs to General Hunter, who, while commanding the department of the South gave the necessary orders from Port Royal, South Carolina, in May, 1862. General Hunter was in advance of public opinion,

however, and Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, wrote for full information concerning the matter. The reply of General Hunter tended to bring public opinion up to his standard. He said in part: "The experiment of arming the blacks, so far as I have made it, has been a complete and marvellous success."

After this episode had worn away, Secretary of War Stanton says of Negro troops at Petersburg: "The hardest fighting was done by the black troops. The forts they stormed were the worst of all." General Smith says, "They cannot be excelled as soldiers." General Thomas Morgan, speaking of the courage of the Negro troops in the battle of Nashville, said: "Those who fell nearest the enemy's works were colored."

But the present phase of the question is a controversy touching the Negro's right to exercise freely, peacefully, and effectually the elective franchise, and to enjoy without hindrance its resulting incidents. The rule of the majority is the fundamental principles of our government. It is one of the incidents of the right to exercise the elective franchise, of which no individual or class can lawfully be deprived while that right remains unrestricted.

Not a little confusion has been added to this most perplexing question by attempting to treat the elective franchise as a privilege instead of a right. Until duly conferred it is a privilege—a privilege which no individual or class has a right to demand. Once granted, however, the exercise and enjoyment of it and of all its natural incidents, becomes a vested right which the sovereign must maintain and enforce, or submit to nullification of the law.

The particular point in controversy is not whether the Negro shall be allowed a new privilege, but whether he shall be permitted to exercise a law already guaranteed to him by law.

The arguments adduced by the advo-

cates of disfranchisement thus far are identical with those advanced in favor of slavery and the slave trade,—nullification, secession, rebellion, ku-kluxism—all varying phases of the same idea. They are urged by the same class of people, with the same positiveness, the same unanimity, and the same arrogant assumption of infallibility as of old. They not only boastfully admit that they have nullified the law and defied the national power, but boldly proclaim their determination to do so as long as they see fit.

The Negro question considered as to its character, is a question of relative rank between two classes of people in a republic whose laws guarantee equality of right and privilege to all. Both classes speak the same language, profess the same religion, owe allegiance to the same government, and are legally entitled to exercise, man for man, the same power in its control. The one is black, more or less; the other is white. The one has been the bondman of the other for two hundred and fifty years; he has been a freeman for thirty-eight years (since 1865) and a citizen thirty-five years (since 1868). Intermarriage between them is forbidden in most of the States, North as well as South; yet in none of them is the illicit relation of the white man with the Negro female specially prohibited.

Formerly the question was asked, What shall we do with the Negro? But now it is, What will the Negro permit us to do with him? To this inquiry the advocates of inherent superiority respond with their usual confidence of their own infallibility: "Just let us alone in the South; we will take care of him; we understand him; we have to live with him, and therefore we are the best judges as to how to manage him." This confidence is very largely based on the docility and submissiveness of the Negro of the past. The men who are ad-



vocating continued oppression, continued rule of white minorities, and the continued arrogance of the white superiority, seem not to realize that a race which has been a perfect type of humility for centuries when in a position of abject servitude, invariably shows altogether different qualities when once it has set its foot upon the lower rung of the ladder of opportunity and advancement.

As a slave, the Negro had no reasonable chance, even if so disposed, to offer collective, organized resistance to the will of his oppressors. He was not allowed to learn to read, lest he should find how to resist; nor to write, lest he should be able to communicate seditious plans to others. He could not go upon the highway without a written pass, nor meet three of his fellows, even for prayer, except in the presence of a white man. He had neither friend nor ally. There was no potential sentiment in the outside world to which he might appeal, and no arm that would be stretched out to save him from utter extinction, in case of conflict. The laws of the several states in which he was enslaved gave his master absolute power over him, even to the taking of his life at the master's will. Now the circumstances are very different, and it is possible that conclusions based upon the Negro's patient endurance of wrong as a slave are altogether fallacious as an indication of his future course.

In view of this fact, it is well to consider briefly who and what the American Negro is. In the first place, he is an American citizen, and has been since 1868. Since 1802, when the slave trade was abolished, very few African Negroes have entered the United States. In the second place, he is not a heathen. A larger proportion of the Negroes of the United States than possibly of any equal body of whites in the country, are actual members of a Christian church. And it

may be well to notice that but very few of them are pure Negroes. Hardly ten in a thousand of the Negroes of the United States, if their pedigree were traced, would be unable to show some strain of white blood. Indeed it may be doubted, if taken drop by drop, there is not very nearly as much white as Negro blood in the veins of those ranked as Negroes in this country. And this white infusion, it must be remembered, represents the very best stock of the South. Scarcely a noted family can be named that is not as fully represented on the Negro side as on the white. The statesman, politician and soldier of the South—almost all who have added to her fame or ministered to her pride—have given something of their vigor to swell the ranks of the subject race.

This fact alone makes it dangerous to count on the indefinite submission of this most strangely-composed race under gross and flagrant wrong.

There are other qualities which the Negro has displayed that should incline the enthusiastic advocates of white superiority to pause and think very seriously before they decide upon his perpetual inferiority. Thirty-seven years ago the five million of freemen were not worth five million cents all together. They were naked and helpless. They had hands, and a sort of dull, incomprehensible power to endure; that was all. Ten years thereafter they had accumulated and deposited in savings banks alone \$12,000,000. And they now have many hundred millions on deposit in the They were naked and helpless. They lived on wages and flourished on conditions that would have exterminated white laborers in a generation. To-day they have invested in real estate to the valuation of \$600,000,000.

They are controlling and managing banks, insurance companies, and building and loan associations. I mention a few of them: the "Afro-American Build-

ing and Loan Association" of Brooklyn, N. Y., is owned and controlled by Negro brain, which has recently declared a dividend of ten per cent. This institution does a very large business. The "True Reformers' Bank," at Richmond, Virginia, is most successfully managed by Negroes. Besides its banking house, the Company does a large insurance business, operating in more than twenty-two states of the Union. The bank has a capital stock of \$100,000, and it is said was the only bank in Richmond which could cash checks at any and all times, during the 1893 panic. Its deposits exceed \$200,000. "The Alabama Penny Saving and Loan Company," located at Birmingham, Alabama, is controlled entirely by the Negro. This institution has a capital stock of \$25,000, and carries more than \$30,000 on deposit.

In 1865 hardly one in a thousand knew the letters of the alphabet, now they have reduced their illiteracy forty-five per cent. We admit the fact, however, that the Negro schools, churches, and places of amusement, in the South, are not what the better class of Negroes would have them; but who will deny the fact that the Negro is bending every nerve to raise the standard of these institutions? Every year many young men and women graduate from the best Northern colleges and seminaries, and go South to train the Negro to a higher standard of living.

The only method of solution for this great problem is, to accord to the Negro his rights and privileges guaranteed to him by the constitution. We do not ask for more. We do not want, nor will we accept social equality with the whites. We feel about the matter just as the white man feels. Social equality would certainly be just as embarrassing to the Negro as to the white man. We are perfectly happy in our own homes, and by our own firesides, when our rights

are protected by the government which we helped to establish.

But, replies the advocate of inherent superiority, what if we do not admit the rights of the Negro, what if we unlawfully take from him the privileges guaranteed him by the constitution? What can he do? We have the arms, the skill, the experience, and the wealth; what can the Negro do?

Certainly the question is not an empty one, yet history clearly teaches that whenever an inferior race intimately intermingled with a dominant and oppressive caste, becomes both intelligent enough to organize, and desperate enough to resist, it is sure to overwhelm the arrogant and better-equipped minority. No man can say when the limit of endurance will be reached, if this policy is continued, but that it will be reached in the near future is as certain as that a boiler will explode if the safety valve is fastened down and the fire is kept up. When that day shall come, the advocates of forcible repression and unlawful subjection will find that the battle is not always to the strong.

Eleven millions of people cannot very long be kept in a subordinate position and despoiled of their rights by a minority, however superior and arrogant, through the instrumentality of the shotgun, falsified returns, or perjured election officials.

The solution of the Negro problem is of all the problems of civilization the simplest and yet the most difficult. The trouble is not with the Negro, who has always been satisfied with half a chance in the world's scramble, but with the white man, who is not willing that any one should differ from him in opinion, or dissent from him in practice; who is the traditional, if not the inveterate, enemy of free thought and free speech, and is so confident of his own infallibility that he would rather appeal to arms or become a cowardly murderer, than submit

to the control of a lawfully ascertained majority of legal votes, or pay that courtesy which is due from one gentleman to another. The remedy is a simple one—justice and knowledge. These are all the Negro asks. The inherent superior race should be ashamed to grant him less. The question is, considered as a

matter of policy, whether the American people can afford to let the Southern white man continue to subvert the law of the land defiantly, boldly, and persistently in order to crush the Negro and thereby deprive him of the exercise of his political rights merely because it is demanded by the Southern whites.

## BERNICE, THE OCTOROON.

MRS. LOUISE BURGESS-WARE.

### V.

Bernice was an earnest Christian; she believed above all things in the preservation of the purity of womanhood. She wanted to make every woman the highest type of truth, beauty, and goodness. The scenes which she witnessed in her new surroundings were strange to her, and yet they were real. What had she known of temptation—she who had been surrounded by all that was pure and lovely, whose moral and religious training had been of the highest order? She was unacquainted with the ways of the outside world; her life had been lived among those whose every thought had been for her and of her. She knew nothing of the life of the lowly, of the sin which surrounded them everywhere, of the temptations which they resisted as well as yielded to. In her weak way she tried to reach the hearts of the women to teach them by her example, as well as by talks in her mothers' meetings, that if they overcame temptation and repented of their sins then would come real strength of character and true religion.

She had heard lectures by people engaged in work among the black men. She had thought much of the degradation and ignorance mentioned was exaggeration. She was entirely unprepared for the scenes which she encountered. Superstition prevailed. There were signs for everything. The guinea

hens could not "holler" unless fallen weather was sure to follow. An owl could not hoot in the tree before the house unless it must be followed by a death in that family. The rooster could not crow before the door unless hasty news followed, and if he dared to strut away from the door and crow as he was leaving what would be the result? Why, the news of a death would soon reach the family. The dog must not howl, if so, the neighborhood all wondered to whom this death warning had been sent. These are only a very few of the many strange signs Bernice listened to.

She visited the homes of the children, and when sickness came it was she who knew just what to do for them, and how to do it. She showed the old people many things that they might do for the comfort of their suffering ones. She spent many nights by the bedsides of the sick ones; she prayed for them, comforted those who mourned, and in numerous ways brought sunshine into the homes.

There was one old mammy, "Aunt Lizzie," by name. She was one of those tall, well-built Negro women of pure blood, perfect in physique, and handsome in features. Her black skin was as smooth as satin, her teeth like pearl. She had a little daughter wasting away with consumption. Nor was it to be wondered at, for they lived in a two-room house, unfit for renting. There was a



family of nine. Tina, the oldest, lay dying. The parents were what is known as "hardshell Baptists." They believed in foot-washing, and many other strange customs, known only to that set of Baptists. When Bernice came to care for her pupil, they looked on in wonder. Their house was very humble; it boasted of two beds in the front room and one in the kitchen. On one of the beds in the front room Tina lay, on the brink of eternity. The mother was washing, trying to obtain the means to provide extra comforts for Tina, the father working hard to earn the regular support of four dollars a week. Bernice made the room tidy, bathed the feverish child, and made her little delicacies. Tina grasped Bernice's hands as she lay dying, and exclaimed, "Oh, Miss Bernice, you've done tole me 'bout heaven, Jesus and the angels; tell Mammy too." And with Bernice's hands on her burning brow the child's spirit went into Paradise.

Bernice helped prepare her for burial, and if you can picture that family in its poverty and sorrow, the pine coffin, costing the paltry sum of seven dollars, the golden-rod and daisies which covered the coffin that contained the loving mother's child, you would feel that it is only too true that one-half the world knows not how the other half lives. The love in that ignorant yet tender heart would put to shame some of our more intelligent mothers. Then if you could have looked into that church, and seen Bernice and her pupils with their hands clasped, their heads bowed in prayer, and the sweet voices chanting,

"My God, my father, while I stray,  
Far from my home on life's rough way,  
O teach me from my heart to say,  
Thy will be done."

All these scenes reached Bernice's sensitive nature, and drew her nearer to

God and bound her more closely to her poor, despised and ignorant people.

#### VI.

Three years rolled by, and Bernice longed for a change of scene. She had not been away from Leeville since she came there, and had it not been for the many periodicals which she received weekly she would not have known what was happening in the outside world. Many of her classmates had corresponded with her, and were much interested in what they termed "her pious freak." She had been urged to spend Christmas in Baltimore. After much consideration, she decided to go. She thought she would enjoy a farewell peep into the world where once she had figured so prominently. Rita Payne was delighted to see her; although she did not approve of Bernice teaching in a Negro school, her love for her thus far had remained unchanged. Any one who has lived in a gay Southern city and seen its many beautiful women, and enjoyed their hospitality, can realize what a delightful time Bernice had.

She met the fashionable young men of the large Southern metropolis, and received much attention from them. She smiled as she thought of the stigma resting upon her. Such chivalry, such gallantry, but let it be even whispered that one drop of that blood coursed through her veins, she would be scorned and disgraced. This was only one of many instances which have happened in America.

She accepted the compliments and courtesy, smiling inwardly; her father's wealth was a great incentive to those who possessed good blood and small incomes.

During her stay, Rita gave a musicale. She wished her friends to hear Bernice sing. The young ladies in her circle wondered if she were really as talented as they had heard. They were obliged to admit that she was wondrously fair,

but they did not wish to see anything above the ordinary in her music. But her voice was an exceedingly well-trained contralto, and when she stood before the cultured assemblage, even the most critical person had to admit the superior quality of her voice, and every one begged for an encore. Rita then placed "My Rosary" on the music stand, and Bernice began:

"The hours I spend with thee, dear heart,  
Are like a string of pearls to me,  
I count them over, every one apart,  
My Rosary, my Rosary.

Each hour a pearl, each pearl a prayer,  
To still a heart in absence wrung,  
I tell each bead unto the end,  
And there a cross is hung!

O memories that bless and burn!  
O barren gain and bitter loss!  
I kiss each bead, and strive at last to learn  
To kiss the cross, Sweetheart! to kiss the cross!"

The pathos of her voice touched the hearts of nearly everyone who listened, and Bernice could barely finish. The memories within her soul did bless and burn, and she thought of how many times she had bowed her head and kissed the cross she bore. There passed before her mind's eye a picture of all that had transpired since she and Rita had practised together at college. She grew sick and faint at heart. Her visit was no longer pleasant to her; it was only a ghost of a happier past. Taking leave of Rita, after ten days' rest, she returned to Leeville, fully determined that Bernice Silva in that world could be no more, and she never intended to wear the mask again.

Returning to Leeville, she took up the old duties with renewed strength.

The children were delighted to have her back again. There were times when she became discouraged and wished she might enter some convent and get away from everyone and everything; then she thought how cowardly it would be to shrink from life's duties.

The old people had planned to give her a party. It was equal to the one of which the talented Dunbar wrote in verse. Everybody came to the party, old and young, dressed in their best clothes. The cape bonnets were all done up freshly for the occasion, and the men's bosoms were ironed to a finish. Refreshments were served—fried chicken, Maryland biscuit, pound cake, potato custards, and 'possum, too, was there, fat and cooked to perfection. The people feasted, then they sang. How Bernice enjoyed the melodies! The tears rolled down her cheeks. They seemed so earnest; their rich voices, though untrained, were full of real music.

After they had sung to their hearts' content, speechmaking was next in order. The old men expressed themselves in the most elaborate manner, while the women when their turn came, made many informal gestures and courtesies. Bernice responded, and thanked them for the warm expression of their regard for her. She begged them to send their children to school regularly, and thus help her in her efforts to educate their children. She told them of the struggles of the race, the condition of the masses, and the necessity of improving their mental conditions in order to make them morally good. There was much headshaking and bowing, with an occasional "Amen." The old men thought her a godsend to their community.

## VII.

The busy days grew into weeks. Summer passed and another winter. She attended strictly to her duties; nothing was left undone that would tend to the

elevation of her people. Alas, like all human beings, she began to feel the great nervous strain. Instead of taking the rest she required, she often spent nights planning work for her girls and boys. One September evening she broke down with high fever and severe congestion of the brain. The doctor pronounced it typhoid fever. Each day the fever grew higher, until she became delirious and unmanageable. The cruel ravages of typhoid fever were visible in her beautiful countenance; her golden hair, which her father had loved to smooth, had to be shaved off, and now, in spite of all this, her life was despaired of.

Many an humble heart prayed for her recovery; more than one little barefoot child came to inquire for her. The people sent her fresh eggs, chickens, and anything that they thought tempting, but she tasted nothing. She was not even conscious of their existence. They sent for her parents; death seemed inevitable. Two colored trained nurses had come from Charleston, and she was being cared for by skilled hands.

No one knew anything of her past life. The doctor thought her one of God's missionaries, who had given her life to this work. The crisis was at hand; twenty-four hours would decide her condition. The doctor feared her parents would never see her alive; her beautiful, useful life seemed at an end, and he dreaded to impart the tidings to them.

Mr. and Mrs. Silva were at Newport, R. I., when they received the news. Garrett was with them; he had just arrived from his Southern home, and was anxious to learn Bernice's whereabouts. When the telegram was received, Mr. Silva was shocked. Mrs. Silva uttered no words, but collapsed completely. Garrett Purnello shook his head gravely as he said, "God is just, man is unjust. What a world of suffering man's injustice has caused right here."

When they arrived at Leeville the hack rolled up to the hotel and the strangers alighted. The whole village knew in an hour that the visitors had arrived. The hotel was only an apology, but they deposited their luggage, and repaired to Bernice's boarding place. The doctor, although a country physician, had graduated from Bellevue, and thoroughly understood his profession. He told them she had overdone, and had for several days before she had taken her bed, a kind of walking typhoid fever. The nurses were untiring in their efforts and all they could depend upon was Divine power.

Mr. Silva grew old in a few hours. He almost idolized his only child.

Garrett looked at Bernice; he was overcome. He knelt by the bedside, took the hot, feverish hand in his, pressed it to his lips.

"This is the result of Lenore's work. I wish she might see it," he murmured.

Mrs. Silva said nothing. She silently prayed for the preservation of her only child. "Thy will, not mine," she prayed, but her grief was intolerable.

Garrett bent over the sufferer, and as he watched the unconscious face, a spirit of rebellion swelled in his bosom. It was soon replaced by a feeling of humble submission to Divine providence. He bathed her forehead with cool spring water, hoping to see her eyelids unclose. For hours he sat there, his heart filled with suspense. Finally his patience was rewarded. She opened her large blue eyes, tears rolled down her cheeks; she recognized him. It was the first intelligent expression that had been on her face for weeks. The doctor smiled. Garrett pressed her hand, and assured her that it were really he.

As yet Bernice had no knowledge of her parents' presence, and not until the next morning did they come to her. They feared the nervous shock would be too great. Sleep returned to the weary



eyelids; she was on the road to recovery. Her joy at seeing her parents once more was boundless. They found no words to express their feelings. Her pale face showed how intensely she had suffered, but they were thankful that her life had been spared.

When she was able to be propped up on pillows, Garrett had a long story to tell her, and one evening as she was looking at the mountains in the distance, he drew his chair near her and began to tell her that which he had longed to tell her days before.

"Bernice," he began, "when we parted, I had a strange presentiment that my mother had not the character that stamped the caste of noble birth. I feared there was a mystery about her which ought to be fathomed. She was never able or willing to tell anything of her mother, only of her wealthy father. After her unwomanly conduct towards you, I decided to investigate the matter. She is my mother, but I could not overlook her unnecessary treatment of you. I have found that Negro blood flows in her veins; she is a mulatto, and has a living mother, whom she has cruelly ignored and disowned.

I found my grandmother in Alabama, a smart old woman who has brought into this world three beautiful daughters, whose father was her master. One was dead, the second is married to the principal of a large Negro school, and the third is my own mother. Her father sent her away to college, and during one of her vacations she met my father, a foreigner, who had not long been in America. She has never visited her mother since; her father gave her a large sum of money when she married. She was his favorite child, exactly like him in appearance and manners, and he was satisfied to see her well provided for. She inherited his arrogant ways, and very little, if any, of her mother's disposition."

"Did the old lady know she married well?" questioned Bernice.

"She knew it only too well, and many have been her heartaches, when she knew that her own child was no longer identified with her black kin-people. That child, Olivia, is my own mother. I asked my grandmother, for she is mine, if she would know Olivia if she saw her after all these years.

"'Course I'd know my own child, honey. She is the image of her father, and 'though it's nearly thirty years since I've seen her, I'd neber fergit her.'

"I took the old lady to Florida," he continued, "and when my mother saw her she fainted. I needed no further proof of the truthfulness of the statements. I was ashamed of the cruel treatment which the dear old soul had received at her hands. I provided for her temporarily, and hastened to impart the tidings to you. You cannot imagine my sadness when I found you in this condition. But

"There's never a day so sunny

But a little cloud appears;

There's never a life so happy

But has had its time of tears;

Yet the sun shines out the brighter

When the stormy tempest clears.'"

"God grant that the sun may smile graciously upon us after these years of sorrow."

Bernice had listened eagerly to his rehearsal, and in her heart pitied the woman who wished to lose her identity in this world, but would have to answer for living a lie, before Him who shall judge all folks righteously.

The doctor had told her that her teaching days were over; her health would permit it no longer. They decided to turn the work over to a mission board, and assist them to get someone to continue the work. The people wept when they learned that she would leave them, —the children flocked to see her. She

was loath to leave them; her work had grown very dear to her. They succeeded in obtaining a graduate of an Industrial School, and after everything was satisfactorily arranged, Bernice, her parents and Garrett left the little village.

Bernice and Garrett were quietly married. He is a lawyer of much repute, and greatly beloved for the good he does for the race with which they are identified.

Lenore buried herself in a convent to

atone for the wickedness she had done, if possible. She is known as Sister Jessie; she is no longer the haughty woman whom we knew, but a sweet Sister of Mercy. Bernice forgave her long ago. Mrs. Purnello never consented to be recognized as the old mammy's daughter; she continues to live in seclusion, while Garrett and Bernice have the old lady with them, who does all she can for "her dear chilluns," as she calls them.

(Concluded.)

## I. WHY THE NEGRO WAS ENFRANCHISED.

RICHARD P. HALLOWELL.

The "Herald" of March 4 says editorially: "It is now, we think, generally recognized that a mistake was made at the close of our Civil War in according suffrage generally to the emancipated Negro;" and on March 6 you say that the Federal government could have and should have limited the right to vote "to those who possessed sufficient education to read and write," and that "a slight property qualification . . . without the last discrimination as to color" should have been required.

Apparently, you assume that by your scheme a number of Negroes sufficient to have political influence would have been enfranchised, and would have participated in the re-organization of the rebel states. To satisfy you that such an assumption is unwarranted, it should be only necessary to remind you that, up to the close of the Civil War, the Negroes did not own even the rags that covered them, and had been kept in ignorance through laws that made it a crime to teach them to read and write. Evidently, your plan would have limited the suffrage, at least through the period of reconstruction and for many years to follow, to white men, and would have left the question of re-organization to be settled exclusively by

white men, of whom a vast majority were not only unalterably opposed to the enfranchisement of the Negro, regardless of his character or attainments, but who were avowedly determined to hold him in servile subjugation. Whether or no my characterization of the attitude of the Confederates toward the Negro is justified, you will judge when you have considered the evidence I shall offer.

As a matter of fact, at the close of the Civil War, the suffrage was not, as is often assumed, accorded "generally to the emancipated Negroes." That was the last, not the first act, in the history of reconstruction. The first act consisted in the establishment of provisional legislatures elected by and composed of white men only. This experiment failed. As soon as the legislatures were convened they enacted atrocious laws applicable especially to the colored race. These laws regulated the relations between master and servant. The Legislature of Alabama significantly gave preference to the "former owner," when providing for a cruel apprenticeship of minors. In the same state "stubborn and refractory servants" were declared to be "vagrants," to be taken before a justice of the peace, who could fine them

fifty dollars; and, in default of payment, they were to be hired out, on three days' public notice, for six months. Laws were ingeniously framed to deprive the colored man of the right to contract for his own labor or to receive the benefits of his daily toil.

The South Carolina Legislature compelled colored men wishing to be mechanics to pay ten dollars for a license, while for the privilege of being a shopkeeper, an annual payment of one hundred dollars was demanded. For an extended report of and comment upon this iniquitous legislation, let me refer you to Blaine's "Twenty Years of Congress."\* That it fairly represented white public sentiment, and that it was intended to accomplish the revival of slavery, so far as it could be revived, there is no room for doubt.

In order to learn existing conditions, in the summer of 1865 President Johnson sent the Hon. Carl Schurz into the Southern states on an observation and investigation tour. Mr. Schurz then stood high in the councils of the nation, and his report was accepted as an intelligent and impartial statement. He said, in part, that in his judgment it would "hardly be possible to secure the freedman against oppressive legislation and private persecution, unless he be endowed with a certain measure of political power." He declared that "the emancipation of the slaves is submitted to only in so far as chattel slavery in the old form could not be kept up, and although the freedman is no longer considered the property of an individual master, he is considered the slave of society, and all independent state legislation will share the tendency to make him such. The ordinances abolishing slavery passed by the conventions under the pressure of circumstances will not be looked upon as barring the establishment of a new form of servitude." Regarding the loyalty of the white people,

Mr. Schurz reported that there was "an entire absence of that national spirit which forms the basis of true loyalty and patriotism." White Southern loyalty, he said, "consists in submission to necessity."

In view of the testimony of Mr. Schurz and much more of like tenor of many others, all of which was fully confirmed by the legislation of the white provisional legislatures, any reconstruction that denied or postponed the right of the freedman to the ballot and restored it to his former master would have been foolish, wicked and disastrous. This was the judgment of the patriotic statesmen of that era. They represented a vast majority of the people of the North, who were in no mood for trifling, but were resolved that the blood shed and the treasure wasted by the Civil War should be, as far as possible, compensated for by a re-establishment of the Union that would preclude all possibility of another rebellion, based upon a demand for state rights or for slavery in any form. They were resolved that the overthrow of slavery should be complete and final. Congress at once placed the Union men of the South, whether black or white, under the protection of the Federal government.

This accomplished, measures were taken to submit the 14th constitutional amendment to the people. By this amendment, the laws through which the provisional governments had attempted to re-enslave the Negro were swept away. The freedman was invested with the rights and dignity of a citizen of the United States. He was not enfranchised, but he could no longer be the victim of penal state laws, designed to hold him in servile subjugation. The rights and benefits conferred upon him were simply those to which every human being is entitled, whether he be black or white, drunk or sober, criminal



or virtuous, ignorant or educated. Had the rebellious states accepted this amendment, Mr. Blaine and other high authorities declare they might have re-entered the Union without further conditions. Tennessee accepted it and was the first to be readmitted. The others, ten in number, through their provisional governments, rejected it with contempt. Commenting upon this fatal blunder of the Southern Bourbons, Mr. Garfield, then in Congress and subsequently President of the United States, said:

"I call attention to the fact that from the collapse of the rebellion to the present time, Congress has undertaken to restore the states lately in rebellion by co-operation with their people; and that our efforts in that direction have proven a complete and disastrous failure. . . . The constitutional amendment did not come up to the full height of the great occasion. It did not meet all I desired in the way of guarantees to liberty, but, if the rebel states had adopted it as Tennessee did, I should have felt bound to let them in on the same terms prescribed for Tennessee. I have been in favor of waiting to give them full time to deliberate and to act. They have deliberated. They have acted. The last one of the sinful ten has at last, with contempt and scorn, flung back in our teeth the magnanimous offer of a generous nation. It is now our turn to act. They would not co-operate with us in building what they destroyed. We must remove the rubbish and build from the bottom."

A complete surrender to the Southern Confederacy being out of the question, our government was confronted with two alternatives,—either to hold the South under military subjection indefinitely or to enfranchise the Negro. At a critical period of the war, we had appealed to him to fight for the life of the nation, and nearly 200,000 of his race had enlisted in the army. Braver or better soldiers never wore the federal mili-

tary uniform. Again we asked him to help save the Union, not by military service, but by political action. Ignorant he might be, but his loyalty was undoubted, and he could be relied upon to bring back the seceding states with governments that would conform to the constitution of the United States, and would, so far as law could accomplish it, secure to every inhabitant, black or white; poor or rich, humble or exalted, the rights of a freeman. On the second of March, 1867, Congress passed a reconstruction act, of which Section 5 reads, in part, as follows:

"That when the people of any one of said rebel states shall have formed a constitution of government in conformity with the constitution of the United States in all respects, framed by a convention of delegates elected by the male citizens of said state, twenty-one years old and upward, of whatever race, color or previous condition, . . . and when said state, by a vote of its Legislature elected under said constitution, shall have adopted the amendment to the constitution, of the United States proposed by the 39th Congress and known as Article 14, and when said article shall have become a part of the constitution of the United States, said state shall be declared entitled to representation in Congress," etc., etc. The colored men responded promptly. Conventions were held, constitutions formed and approved by the people, State governments organized, legislatures elected, and the 14th amendment ratified. Under the protection of the Federal government every man, black or white, who went to the polls, cast his ballot without let or hindrance.

On February 26, 1869, Congress passed the 15th amendment, by which impartial suffrage became the fundamental law of the country.

Any one who will read the "Congressional Globe" of the reconstruction

period, or the more accessible work of Mr. Blaine referred to above, may learn that the suffrage was not conferred upon the Negro in order to humiliate the rebels; was not hastily accomplished, and was not, as you seem to think, the outcome of "a purely political interest based on a desire to secure votes for their (Republican) party and maintain it in control of national affairs." The record shows that it was arrived at only by slow and well-considered steps, and was only resorted to after white rule had been patiently tried and had failed. To what extent Congress, in its decision, was inspired by political partisanship may be inferred from a letter addressed to and published by the Boston "Herald" on May 19, 1900, by the venerable ex-Secretary George S. Boutwell. As much of this letter as is necessary for the purpose follows:

"Permit me to say that you err in an editorial article of this date, entitled 'Objectionable Partisanship,' in a sentence which I quote, as follows: 'There was a plan in the Republican party, after the Civil War was over, to utilize the colored vote of the South to procure its own political control in that section.'

"As I was a member of the committee that reported the 14th amendment to the constitution, and as I was also a member of the committee that reported the 15th amendment, I have the means of knowing that the purpose indicated in the sentence quoted was not entertained by either committee, nor was it suggested by any member of either committee. If it had been the purpose of the Republican party to obtain political control in the states that had been in rebellion, an expedient method was open before them. It was in the power of the Republican party at that time to have disfranchised all the men who had been employed in the Confederate armies, or to have disfranchised large numbers of persons who in one way or another, had

contributed to the rebellion. By the 14th amendment a few official persons were disfranchised upon the condition that they could be restored to a full citizenship upon application to Congress and by a two-thirds vote.

"The history of what occurred shows that all those who made application were restored without delay and without controversy. The object of the amendments was this, and this only: to secure to the colored population of the country, North as well as South, an equality with the white population to the privilege or right of voting. It was known to the committees and to Congress that it would be in the power of states to provide a property qualification for all persons, black and white alike, and that such regulations would be beyond the control of the courts. When the amendments were proposed and adopted, it was known that Massachusetts had an educational test, and there was no thought on the part of any one that such a test would be invalid under the proposed amendments."

This testimony by such a witness ought to end forever the modern attempts to belittle the motives of the great statesmen responsible for Negro suffrage, and who, in the opinion of some of us who lived in those stirring times, were guided by a lofty feeling of patriotism, a solemn sense of duty, and a wise understanding of the questions of the hour. You believe they made a "mistake." We believe their act was necessary for the establishment and preservation of a republican form of government throughout the Union, the protection of the Negro and the development of a higher civilization in the South. It would be taking too much of your valuable space to recite here what the bestowal of full citizenship upon the Negro has accomplished for him and for the nation, notwithstanding the

bitter opposition to his participation in politics, even simply as a voter.

The judgment of posterity, I believe, will be that it was not only a necessary act of justice, but was a measure of the highest statesmanship. That the constitutional amendments will be repealed I have no fear. That they will be ultimately enforced I firmly believe. The folly of calling the adoption of the amendments bearing upon reconstruction a mistake will, in the progress of events, be fully realized. If a mistake was made, it was not when the loyal freedman was enfranchised, but when full political rights were restored to unrepentant rebels, who, though no longer slaveholders, were themselves still under bondage to the spirit of slavery. Recently it has become almost a "fad"—I use the term because the assertion is not to be taken seriously—to assert that

Negro suffrage is a failure, and apparently the public is expected to accept the statement as a self-evident proposition, for no one takes the trouble to furnish the evidence.

Until it is furnished, let me suggest as an antecedent, if not a counter proposition, much more in accordance with the facts of history, that in the South white suffrage is comparatively a failure. Most certainly the whites have not attempted to utilize the ballot as a means to develop either in themselves or in the freedmen a higher appreciation of the responsibilities of a citizen. Too many of them have used it—supplemented by fraud, persecution, terrorism, violence and murder—as a potent weapon in their effort to degrade the Negro to the social condition of social servitude.

(To be continued.)

## A NEW PROFESSION.

### THE FIRST COLORED GRADUATE OF THE Y. M. C. A. TRAINING SCHOOL, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

SARAH A. ALLEN.

This is pre-eminently the age of young men. Nearly every business or profession is calling for young men—young blood. Age being at a discount, great are the opportunities of youth. For the immediate needs of young men, the international Y. M. C. A. Training School was established in Springfield, Mass.

Every year finds a crowd of young men—most of them scarcely more than children—going to the great metropolis to seek their fortunes. Most of them, upon arriving at the goal of their hopes, find themselves without social companionship, the long evenings unemployed, and no choice between loneliness and dissipation. There is a truism to the effect that "Satan finds some mischief

still for idle hands to do," which is too often illustrated by the lives of the young men of a great city. And if this be true of the white population, it comes home to us with greater force when we consider the condition of our own young men.

In his annual report to the trustee board of Tuskegee Institute, Mr. Booker T. Washington dwells at some length on the Negro's tendency to seek city life, and the reasons therefor. He says in part:

"There are several influences that are constantly exerting themselves against the Negro growing up on the soil at present. One of these is the lack of public school facilities in the country district, and the frequent and unwise



agitation of the question about dividing the school fund in proportion to the tax paid by each race. In the cities and larger towns the Negro parent finds a comfortable schoolhouse and a school in session eight or nine months. Another thing which sends a larger number of Negroes to the cities than many realize is the surety of getting police protection in the city when one is charged with crime. I think I do not overstate the matter when I say that for every lynching or attempt at lynching that takes place in the country, a score of colored people leave the country for the city. This whole question is one that should receive very serious attention."

The above being true, all projects aiming to uplift and protect the youth of the Race should meet with our careful consideration, and if desirable, should be incorporated into our daily lives, and the message has a special significance to us because of the alleged susceptibility of the Negro to the crime of the metropolis. According to Mr. Washington, the city has become a great factor in the race question; and such being the case there can be no better way of uplifting and elevating the Race than by the influence of right living for our young men,—a pure, clean, Christian manhood.

In response to the demand, then, and to meet the need of society in furnishing social and educational life for young men, the Young Men's Christian Association came into existence. It has not only accumulated a great amount of capital in its plants, but has created a new profession—the salaried offices for management of the work and its departments, known as secretaryships and physical directorships.

"The Young Men's Christian Association," says the "Springfield Republican," "aims to do in a popular way for the young men of the city what the

Christian college seeks to do for its students. . . . A study of the social conditions of young men by C. C. Michener, shows that five out of six of the young men of our cities are living away from home, that only 15 per cent. are in business for themselves, and that the average age at which men marry is twenty-five years. These facts show the importance of a wholesome social environment. Many young men leave school by the time they are fourteen years of age, and need opportunities for further study. The Association aims to afford advantages for social gatherings and education to young men in this important part of their lives. There is a great demand for men able to take charge of the Association work. The profession which has developed, is more and more furnishing a remunerative life-work for specially trained men, and the training school was founded to furnish these men."

The course of study combines the advantages of a liberal and technical education and may be divided into two general divisions—theory and practice. The course extends over three years, and is designed to prepare the students to become the friends and advisers of young men in all that concerns body, mind and spirit. Man is studied physically in anatomy, physiology and hygiene; mentally in literature and in psychology and pedagogy; morally and religiously in ethics, sociology and the Bible. The most exact modern university spirit pervades the exercises of the class-rooms, and the laboratory investigation is applied throughout. The secretarial course is really one of applied Christianity.

The study of young men physically is pursued in the subject of physiology. And here lies the greatest interest for our readers because in this connection is studied hygiene which aims to fit the future secretary to advise young men re-

garding the care of their health. By it they are taught to give aid to the injured, and a study of personal purity, which helps the student to deal with the strongest temptation which besets young men. The problem of personal and social purity is carefully discussed and its necessity emphasized. Space forbids our dwelling at length on the good things that engender a noble life which are found in the training school work. Any one who will investigate this system must rejoice at the blessings which flow from it to the youth of our country, giving us upright men and pure and happy homes.

In the class of 1903 our race was represented by Mr. David Wilder, the first colored man to graduate from the International Young Men's Christian Association Training School, Springfield, Mass., and enter the work for colored young men. He will take charge of the colored branch at New Haven, Connecticut, September 1, as general secretary. Mr. Wilder was the only colored member of a class of twenty-five.

Mr. Wilder was born in Mobile, Alabama, and was graduated from Talladega College. His thesis read at Springfield, was accepted cum laude, and he has the pleasure of knowing that no man was more popular in his class, nor stood higher in his studies. In describing his reception on graduation day, during the final exercises, he says:

"I was a little surprised, but pleasantly so, and somewhat taken aback,

at the approval shown by the audience the moment I stepped forward and received my diploma at the hands of President Daggett. Before, the applause had been moderate, but pronounced enough to let the receiver know that the audience was in full sympathy with him and heartily approved of his success. But when I, representing in my personality the race to which I belong, stepped before that vast concourse of refined and intellectual people, the applause was so pronounced and prolonged that I could not at first comprehend its meaning; but afterwards it was made clear to me, when a white-haired Anglo-Saxon came to me, clasped my hand in approval, and congratulation and reminded me how far-reaching was the event which had just transpired. I then felt fully my individual responsibility as a representative of my people, and I realized the full significance of the words, 'No man liveth to himself alone.'"

Mr. Wilder will be the first colored man to enter this new profession where the work is pleasant and satisfying to the unselfish members of the race who delight in "lifting as they climb." Colored young men's and young women's Christian Associations are needed in every large city of this Union and trained workers must be at the head of such organizations. We earnestly commend this work to the consideration of our young men and women who have not yet decided upon a future course in life.



## EDUCATION A MEANS RATHER THAN AN END.

S. W. WARD.

Some years ago, there was a great deal said on the subject of Education. It was the burning question on the tongue of every true American citizen. Advocates of education were constantly making speeches in its behalf; they were holding up its various needs, the best ways by which to obtain it, its importance to good citizenship, the best methods of educating and several other needs.

The societies and associations of the country seem to have responded very readily to these educational appeals, and as a result, our land is dotted with schools and colleges. The advocates therefore seem to have convinced the people that education in the very broadest sense of the word was necessary. But for the past few years we have heard but a very little said on education; as to its importance, perhaps, it was not necessary; it has generally been taken as a conceded fact.

But now-a-days, instead of the advocates continuing their discourse on the importance of education, there seems to be existing a necessity of convincing the people, the young people especially, that education is not so much an end of life, as it is a means by which we are to live and live well.

We assume the necessity of this contention in the expressions we so often hear. For example, we sometimes hear words like these, "I am going off to get my education. After I get my education, I am going to do this and that." Of course we do not mean to say that these expressions are not permissible. Yet in such phrases the term "education" does not convey its full meaning,

it does not give one an idea as to where true education should begin, nor what is its function and advantage in life.

The one grand object of this world is the formation and development of man. Here he not only commences life, but he prepares himself for another world. Education then in one sense is a means of preparation; it enables us to comprehend true happiness, and gives us the capacity to enjoy the things of the life to come. So then education is not so much the communication of knowledge as it is the discipline of the intellect, the establishment of principles and the regulation of the heart. But above all, the chief purpose of education is to rightly direct the capabilities and possibilities of which man is a mysterious medium. Let us go back for a moment. As we stand beside the cradle of infancy and solemnly contemplate the child's future, while looking into the sweet face of the babe, who seems to have the very image of Christ stamped in the purity of its forehead, who has not as yet entertained a purpose or even a thought of wrong, and who seems in its present weakness and innocence utterly incapable of inflicting any sort of pain or wrong on others,—as we thus stand and contemplate its future, a peculiar feeling steals over us; for a moment our sensibilities are benumbed as we picture the various avenues of life which confront it. Oh, language fails to depict the horrible evil or great happiness which lie slumbering within its capabilities and possibilities, what it should be and what it may be. Manhood being attained, he is capable of good and he is capable of evil, he may



attain all the various virtues described in the sacred Word. To particularize further, as a youth in the family into which he was born, he may be a source of delight by his good disposition,—so affectionate in his manners, so gentle and so winning. As a pupil he may be studious, later, as a workman, he may be honest, diligent and respectful to his employer. As a citizen he may be peaceful, public-spirited. As a husband and a father he may make his home the very image and type of heaven. Such the human being is capable of becoming if properly cared for, wisely trained, and adequately educated. But on the other hand, if he is not properly trained and cared for, he is ten times more likely to develop the opposite capabilities and possibilities; he may plunge into the very worst sort of crime, steal, rob and murder; even in his parental abode he may be a very furnace of selfish passions, consuming his own best good and the peace of his nearest friends; at length he may sink into dissipation and drunkenness, and just in the very prime of life and beauty he may die, a human ruin.

Thus education should begin at the cradle and continue through life, and not when we enter the school room, as the majority of the people now-a-days seem to think. The intellectual development of the human being begins as soon as the babe is able to reach forth his hand, as soon as his senses come in contact with the material world; from this time forward he is ever gaining

knowledge. The prevalent idea of education among some students now-a-days is to do nothing but teach school, keep books, and do light work that will not soil their hands or clothing, and to form circles among themselves. For the benefit of such people I will speak a bit of my own experience, by saying to them if this education which you are struggling so hard to get shall be the means to differentiate you from the common class of people, the people who need your assistance, you had better leave it alone. Education is a means by which we rise above those degrading tendencies of life. It is a means by which we remove the gulf that exists between those who are supposed to be educated and those who are not. It is a means by which we learn to respect and sympathize with our uneducated mothers and fathers. When we as a people shall have awakened to the true conception of education, realizing that true education begins at birth and continues through life, and that religion, morality, and knowledge are three necessary elements to good government, good citizenship, and the true happiness of mankind, then and not until then, will the meaning of the poet's words be felt in our hearts.

"We are living, we are dwelling  
In a grand and awful time,  
In an age on ages telling,  
To be living is sublime."



### \*JEW-HATING AND NEGRO-HATING.

The report of the British consul-general at Odessa, Russia, regarding the massacre of Jews at Kischineff last month confirms in all essential particulars the reports previously received. But there are certain features of it that deserve special consideration. Who committed the murders and the wounding? Forty-one Jewish victims were killed and 303 wounded. Of the assailants, one Christian was killed and sixty-eight wounded, the person killed being a boy who was imitating his elders in stoning the Jews. He was bayoneted by a Russian soldier. The murderers of the Jews were people calling themselves Christians. They went about in bands doing their fiendish work. Many believe, the consul says, that the crimes were committed by organized companies, which signifies that there was a pre-arranged plot to exterminate the Jews. The alternative theory is that the mobs were excited by an anti-Semitic newspapers in Kischineff, which had published a number of articles stimulating race hatred, and to a false report of a murder of a Christian by a Jew, and to a belief that the authorities wished the Jews to be massacred, even that they had ordered a massacre.

The tragic affair was an example of the awful consequences of a wantonly stimulated race hatred having a semblance of government support; at all events, the apparent indifference of the local authorities who suffered the rioters to hold possession of the town for nearly two days, and could not be induced to make a move in support of order until too late to prevent the terrible consequences of mob rule in the

town. The disturbances began on Sunday; the murders and woundings were done on Monday by bands crazed with the liquor they had looted. It was four o'clock on Monday afternoon when the governor, who had remained away all day, telegraphing messages to which no attention was paid, and perhaps were not expected to have any effect, signed an order for the employment of troops. Then order was promptly restored, as it might have been earlier. The inefficiency of the local authorities is plainly responsible. The police, while the murdering and incendiarism and ravishing were in progress, made only "minor arrests," as if when an American mob was intent on burning a Negro the police should arrest persons for picking pockets or engaging in fist-cuffs. Clearly, the Christian police favored the Jew-haters.

Mutilation and deliberate torture of the victims, the consul reports, does not seem to have been practiced commonly, although there was barbarism enough. This seems to differentiate the Russian mob from some that we know of in America. Another difference is that the local authorities who permitted it have been summarily removed from office and punished. The conduct of the new governor was exemplary. "He is doing all he can to gain the confidence of the Jewish population." He helped the British consul by every means in his power to get all the facts of the case. He seems not to have been an apologist, in any way, for the rioters, nor intent on suppressing the truth. Eight hundred and eighty rioters have been arrested, of whom 308 have been

—\*From the *Boston Herald*.

punished for minor offences, while 360 are to be tried in October, of whom 100 are charged with murder in addition to other crimes. In barbarous Russia it seems that murder, even the murder by mobs of men and women of a hated race, is a crime to be punished. It is not always so in civilized and free America, in the state of Delaware, for example.

One statement in the British consul's report is especially significant. "Apparently, a feeling existed among the lower classes that the Jews ought not to be in a majority in Kischineff." Hence, it was right to kill them off, in order to give the Christian Russians a majority. The supremacy of the Slav, as conscious of its superiority as the Anglo-Saxon is, must be maintained by whatever means, including crimes, may seem necessary to that end. Such a feeling in regard to the Negroes in some parts of the United States exists, not only in the lower classes, but among persons of education and those holding posts of honor and responsibility. It is less reasonable, if there can be degrees of reasonableness in such horrid savageness, in respect of the Negroes in America than in respect of the Jews in Russia, because the Negroes did not voluntarily come here as intruders into our political and social conditions. They were brought forcibly as captive slaves. They have not increased by any abnormal means. That they are here is the fault of white men, not of themselves. Hence the proposal to massacre them, now that, as an incident of a war brought about by the slaveholders, they have become free men and citizens, is peculiarly ungenerous and monstrous. It outdoes the malignity of the semi-barbarous "lower classes" of Bessarabia by many degrees.

In Chicago last Sunday Senator Tillman of South Carolina, in a public address, declared that the United States

will speedily be involved in a Negro race war unless the fifteenth amendment shall be repealed forthwith. "It is bound to be war," he shouted, "and that soon." Is this what Southern men like Money and Vardaman, who are doing all in their power to foment and intensify race hatred in the South, mean? Will we venture to tell these men that the fifteenth amendment will not be repealed at their demand? They secured the repeal of the Missouri compromise in 1854, but they will not secure the repeal of the fifteenth amendment. We know the North is again pretty cowardly on moral questions, and somewhat indifferent to human rights; but we do not believe it is so cowardly and infirm as to do that. The next Southern demand would be for a constitutional amendment embodying Judge Taney's dictum, that black men have no rights which white men are bound to respect. One is the logical sequence of the other, and the end would be the re-establishment of slavery.

Let this amazing reincarnation of the barbarism of slavery tell what is to be done if the great amendment, to which South Carolina formally assented before she was permitted to send senators to Congress after the war, is not repealed. The report is as follows:

"The repeal of the amendment is the only salvation of the country. If you encourage these black fellows, and give them all that the constitution provides, you will give them 30,000 more votes in South Carolina than the whites have. What does that mean? 'That they will rule,' retorted one of the Boston veterans. 'Not much it don't,' retorted the senator. 'It means that about 30,000, and as many more as will give the whites a majority, will have to be sent to the land where voting is not among the pleasures. There is only one colored man in one hundred that can stand an education. The first thing that an



educated nigger wants to do is to preach the Gospel. If not that, he wants to practice law or teach school. Somebody has got to pound it into their heads that they were put on earth to pick cotton, and they will have to pick cotton in the South. You people think over what I said about the fifteenth amendment. It sounds new, but, unlike some new things, it will improve with age. Remember it's that or the other way of reducing the colored majority in South Carolina."

There you have it flat. If the amendment is enforced, 30,000 citizens of the United States, and as many more as may be necessary to give the white race and the Democratic party undisputed control of South Carolina, will be massacred without mercy! What is there in the race hatred of the "lower classes" in Kischineff that surpasses in devilishness this undemocratic, uncivilized, fiendish Negro hater of South Carolina? Of course, a race war in South Carolina means a race war, the most cruel and bestial of all wars, in every state. If Tillman is a true spokesman for his state, who will care to invest another dollar in South Carolina industries or South Carolina bonds?

And what is the fifteenth amendment to the constitution of the United States, the repeal of which he demands? This: "The right of the citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any state, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude." This is all. No prohibition of the right of any state to establish conditions of suffrage barring the ignorant, the vicious, the poor of all races alike. What Tillman demands is that South Carolina shall have unhampered power to deny the right of suffrage to citizens of the United States simply because they are black, irrespective of their intelligence, their morality or their property stake in good government. If South Carolina cannot be reinvested with this power, Tillman threatens a massacre more awful and more wicked than any recorded in modern history. Yes, it is well to think over what he said; but it will not improve with age. Its essential unrighteousness is hell-born. It affronts democratic liberty, the Christian religion, the universal fatherhood of God, who hath made of one blood all the races of man to serve Him.

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There's a hidden nook in a shady dell,  
Where a fairy stream softly babbles;  
There the watercress and sweet bluebell  
Hug the stream they love so well,  
And hide the round white pebbles.  
Often the sound of a tinkling bell  
From the distant field of clover,  
Floating with soft or wild cadance  
Across the fertile field's expanse  
And echoing deep in the secret well,  
Hath reached this sylvan cover.  
'Tis here I hie when sunbeams beat,  
And list to the song of the plover;  
My love sits low on a moss-grown seat,  
While I idly doze and dream at her feet  
And live the past joys over.

—James R. Tines.

## COLUMBUS, OHIO.

## SKETCHES OF SOME OF HER PROMINENT CITIZENS.

MRS. MINNIE GOODE JAMISON.

It has been truly said, "There is no royal road to success." Who is more competent to pass judgment on the truth of this saying than the Negro? He is fighting against the odds in the great battle of life. In infinite wisdom, God has decreed that the Negro alone should bear the color of man's first ancestor, Adam. Adam was the color of the earth from which he was made. In retaining the quality of his first parent, the Negro finds himself confronted by a seemingly insurmountable barrier to progress.

The intelligent Negro wonders at the frightful passions aroused in this country over a question of color. The Anglo-Saxon, whom he has been taught to admire as the great example of all the virtues, is sinking daily in his estimation, into a state of intellectual imbecility. As a race we feel and know that fair-minded, pure-souled, Christian men and women, fit for examples for the unprivileged, undisciplined masses, would never base their dislike for another on the mere question of color. No, a thousand times no! For they have not so learned Christ. Color fades into insignificance the nearer God-like we become. A true Christian judges the Negro by his deeds. With him the question is "What can you do? What use have you made of the opportunities which have been opened to you? How well can you do your chosen work?"

We are living in the greatest age the world has ever known. The chief forces of civilization—education and progression, are at war with ignorance, viciousness, narrow-mindedness, crime (includ-

ing wars of extermination because of race, mob-law, etc.), and all offenses against the moral and civil law.

We fear very greatly that this great epoch in the world's history will go down to posterity as the age of intellectual pigmies, solely because of race prejudice.

"Who shall judge a man from nature?  
Who shall know him by his dress?  
Paupers may be fit for princes,  
Princes fit for something less.  
God, who counts by souls, not stations,  
Loves and prospers you and me;  
For to Him all vain distinctions  
Are as pebbles in the sea.

Truth and justice are eternal,  
Born of loveliness and light;  
Secret wrong shall never prosper  
While there is a starry night.  
God, whose world-heard voice is singing  
Boundless love to you and me  
Sinks oppression with its titles,  
As the pebbles in the sea."

God helps those who help themselves. An Afro-American who raises himself and commands the respect of all men because of his intrinsic worth, is raising the standard of the race and helping along God's work. Truly such men and women are servants of the Lord.

Among the men who are nobly battling to obliterate race bickerings and misunderstandings, are four physicians and two dentists, of whom the people of Columbus, O., are justly proud.

\* \* \* \* \*

This is an excellent likeness of Dr. Charles T. Smith, who was born

at Christiansburg, Va., October 17, 1868. He attended the public schools, and was graduated from the Christiansburg Institute. His ambition did not rest there; by a few years of hard work and economy, he managed to save enough to enter upon a higher educational course, and in 1888 he entered Shaw University, spending three years

among the leading physicians of the "Buckeye" State.

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Dr. William J. Woodlin is the second in a family of five children born in a country farmhouse near Battle Creek, Mich. The date of his birth is recorded as being November 3, 1869. His parents were among the pioneer set-



DR. CHAS. T. SMITH, COLUMBUS, O.

See Page 669.

there. His pet ambition and secret hopes were embodied in the profession of medicine, and he entered Meharry Medical College of Nashville, Tenn., and graduated with honors in 1895. Immediately after leaving college he began practicing in Columbus, O., where he has built up a large and profitable practice, and holds a foremost position

among the leading physicians of the "Buckeye" State. While his father, who taught school for several years, was highly respected, yet to his mother belongs the credit for inspiring him with a desire for the best things of life.

She was an educated, Christian



woman who deemed it a privilege to be allowed to sacrifice herself for the good of her family. God bless such mothers. The African race is particularly blessed in this respect; for our dear, old Christian mothers stand for whatever is best among us.

Dr. Woodlin's early education was obtained in the public schools of Battle

diately determined on a course in medicine, and entered the medical department of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, in the fall of 1891, and was matriculated in 1895. Like many other boys at Ann Arbor, his means were limited, but this fact proved no serious hindrance to success.

After practicing for several years in



DR. WM. J. WOODLIN, COLUMBUS, O.

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Creek, Mich., from which he was graduated in the now noted class of 1888. He taught school for several years in Augusta County, Va., and was called to Ashland, Ky., to accept the principalship of its schools.

A visit to Richmond, Va., changed his course in life. There he met several prosperous physicians, and as Longfellow says, "He noted wherein kind nature meant him to excel," and he imme-

Kentucky, he located in Columbus in 1900. By close application to business he has built up a successful practice, meanwhile devoting both time and talents to the Church and Young People's Societies, for the upbuilding of the race.

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Mr. George Wade Mosby was born in Pittsburg, Pa., in 1874, and was educated in the public schools of that city. His father died when he was of a very

tender age, leaving his widow with three children dependent upon her efforts. Just at the time when George could have been of the greatest assistance to her, the mother of the little flock died; the home was broken up. The lad had just entered the high school when this cruel blow fell, and he was forced to find a new home with relatives

years. In 1894 he entered the medical department of Howard University, and succeeded in obtaining his degree in May, 1898. Later he located in Columbus, O., at 139 E. Gray St., where he has succeeded in building up an excellent practice.

He is a member of a number of local secret societies, of the local Medical So-



DR. GEO. WADE MOSBY, COLUMBUS, O.

See Page 671.

in the South. After a year in the printing business at Birmingham, Ala., Professor Council of Huntsville, Ala., was attracted by the accuracy and neatness of his work, and offered him a chance to work his way through school. Accordingly he entered the State Normal School at Huntsville, Ala., from which he was graduated with honors in 1892.

After graduation he taught in the Birmingham public schools for two

years, and also of the American Medical Association.

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John Malcolm Winn was born in Goldsborough, N. C., in 1870, attending the public schools there, graduating from Hampton Institute in 1897. He took a course in dentistry in Howard Medical College, graduating in 1900, and locating in Columbus in the fall of the same year. He has an ex-

cellent practice, and on June 13, 1903, led to the altar one of the society favorites of Columbus, Miss Cordella Arthur Bowles, teacher in the public schools of this city.

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The subject of this sketch, Dr. C. Bernard Cox, was born in Chillicothe, O., November 6, 1879. He attended the public schools and graduated from the Chillicothe High School in 1897. Being the fourth son in a family of eight children, it was necessary for him to work his way through school. He spent some time in the dental office of a practicing physician.

There the desire to become a dentist blossomed in his heart, and he ultimately entered the Ohio Medical University at Columbus, graduating in April, 1903, the only colored member of the class. His college days were not spent as many spend them. Being obliged to earn the money to defray his tuition and the cost of living, he saw little of the gay side of college life. He has opened an office in Columbus in the Board of Trade Building, Room 13. He enjoys the distinction of being the first colored person to secure rooms there. He defies superstition, having been number thirteen in his class, and is now located in room thirteen. We predict for him a bright future.

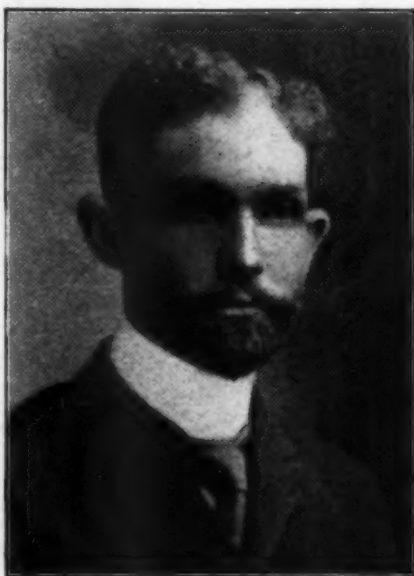
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Dr. James A. Tyler was born at Columbus, O., July 22, 1871. He was one of twelve children of James S. and Maria Tyler. Like his parents, he has spent the whole of thirty-two years in Columbus.

At the age of fourteen he left school, being then in his first year at the high school. He spent three months in the employ of a carriage company; from there he entered a drug store as porter. There the attention of Dr. A. W. Dunn and Dr. Geo. W. Waters, two prominent physicians of this city, was favor-

ably directed to the young man, and they advised him to study medicine, lending him books, giving him instruction, and in every way affording him opportunities for self-culture. All this was done without the knowledge of his employer—the proprietor of the drug store—who was prejudiced against the idea of the colored porter advancing intellectually.

In 1889 he entered the medical department of a prominent Western col-



DR. JOHN M. WINN, COLUMBUS, O.

See Page 672.

lege, thus beginning in earnest his labors in his chosen profession.

His college life was not all roses; during school and vacation terms he worked hard to be able to meet his bills for tuition and board. Of course there were times when he fell short in spite of the most strenuous efforts on his part, and Dr. Tyler delights to acknowledge the substantial aid given him by his brothers, Ralph W. and Ernest F. Tyler, at these dark moments.

In 1892 he realized his fondest hopes. Out of a class of fifty, Dr. Frank Johnson of Cincinnati, and Dr. James A.



Tyler were the only colored graduates. In that same year he was made Grand Medical Director of the Knights of Pythias of Ohio; also Assistant Surgeon of the Ninth Battalion, Ohio National Guards, the first colored surgeon in the O. N. G.

After graduation he settled in his native city. In 1898 he married Miss Carrie Walton, of Augusta, Ga., whose business ability is very marked, and with her assistance has built up an enviable practice among white and colored people.



DR. C. BERNARD COX, COLUMBUS, O.

See Page 673.

The perfume shed by one true, noble life,  
Nerves countless souls to earnest, sublime strife.

Live that the radiance of thy life may be

A light to wanderers on life's storm-swept sea—

A light that ever shineth through the dark,

Warning from treacherous sands each human bark.—Bishop Ryle.

# HERE AND THERE

[Under this heading we shall publish monthly such short articles or locals as will enable our subscribers to keep in close touch with the various social movements among the colored race, not only throughout this country but the world. All are invited to contribute items of general news and interest.]

The vesper services at the Colored Branch of the W. Y. C. A., 112 Lexington Avenue, yesterday at 4 P.M., were well attended. They were commenced with the reading of the Scriptures, prayer and singing, after which Mrs. Mary S. Haynes, secretary, introduced N. B. Dodson, who spoke on "A Fixed Aim."

Mr. Dodson is the General Agent for New York of "The Colored American Magazine." He said in part:

"Great undertakings call for great responsibilities. You have said to the City of Brooklyn and to whom it may concern that upon this spot and within these walls you are determined to erect a lasting monument to the thrift, industry and executive ability of the women of Brooklyn. In view of your unwritten history, and in view of the almost miraculous way in which you were led to this building, I thought that I would try to say a word to you this afternoon upon the subject of 'A Fixed Aim.' Many lives have been wrecked, many fortunes squandered, many golden opportunities thrown to the winds and many sad mistakes have been made on account of not having an aim in life. You must evidently have some definite aim in view in assuming, as you have, the responsibilities of this work. Whatever that aim is, let it be high—stick up your peg and work to it. And here let me say that your field in which to work is a large one, and the material will be varied. Therefore, you must learn early how to adapt yourselves to the environment of



DR. JAS. A. TYLER, COLUMBUS, O.

See Page 673.

your work, smile sometimes when you would frown, and laugh when you do not feel like doing so; but do not say 'yes' or 'no' unless you mean it. You have formed this little band here, no doubt, for the purpose, among other things, of assisting young womanhood to a higher plane in life, to have some definite object in view, and how to accomplish it; how to help others help themselves. To protect the unprotected and lead them into avenues of safety and usefulness; learning all the time the sweetness and truth of the divine

enunciation—"It is more blessed to give than to receive." Upon you, ladies, rests much of the responsibility for the success or failure of this work, but I am already persuaded that you are determined to succeed, God being your helper. Storms may come, but they will not last always; your trust is in God. The enemy may besiege you for a while, and even threaten to cut off

your energy upon some one piece of work and do it well; master it, make it pay, keep hammering away at it, and every time you strike, strike for victory. Let no selfish motive cross the sill of this door, and be not weary in well-doing, for you shall reap the true reward of your labors if ye faint not. A standard fixed high should be the ambition of every one who wishes to surmount



MISS SUSIE ELEANORE SMITH, DETROIT, MICH.

See Page 679.

the source of supplies, but you can trust.

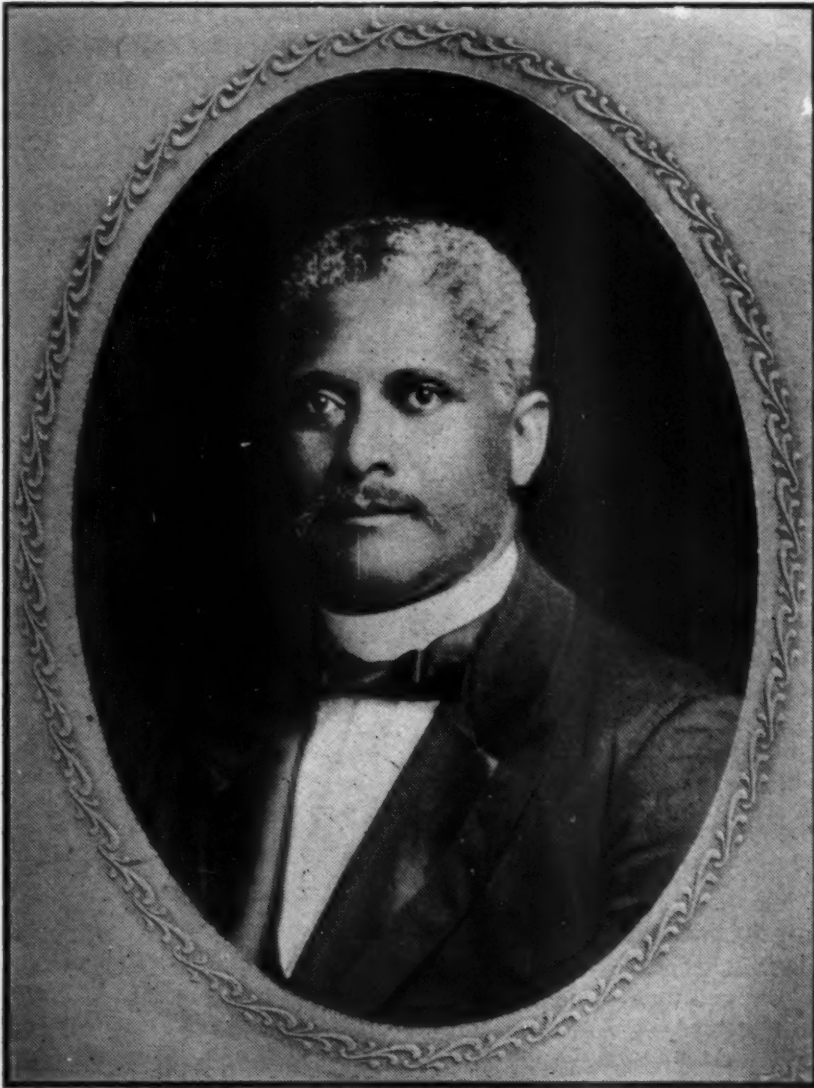
"Keep your aim steadily before you and burn the bridges as you cross them; fear no enemy, shrink from no duty, surmount difficulties, put opposition to sleep, until your standard is raised out of its reach. Stay on your watch-tower and thoroughly garrison your association home. Make your work self-sustaining; let each one of you concentrate

difficulties, break down barriers, suffer wrong if need be, to win success. A woman without an aim in life is like a steam engine with all of its complex parts ready for use, but without coal and wood, without steam, hence, without power. Power comes by concentration, concentration by effort, effort by unity, and the object of unity is to obtain results."



"Do not listen to the siren songs of difficulty or the dying melody of discouragement; press on, never despair; however dark the way, however trying the circumstances, press on. Plant your banner on high ground, buckle on the

The subject of this sketch, Miss Annie McNorton, whose portrait adorns our cover, is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. McNorton of Yorktown, Va. Her father is a well-known medical practitioner of Tidewater, and served in the Virginia



BISHOP ALEXANDER WALTERS, D. D.

See Page 689.

armor of perseverance, take the breast-plate of courage, the helmet of hope, the pick of determination, and dig your way up the hill to your standard and salute it, in the name of a 'fixed aim.'"

State Senate ten or more years.

Miss McNorton is a graduate of Hartshorn Memorial College, Richmond, Va. While there she imbibed those principles which tend to make

Fisk University. She early displayed a taste for music, and the same was cultivated under the best private teachers in her home city. When entering Fisk, she entered both the musical and college department, and graduated from the former in 1898.

She removed to Detroit in 1900, and in 1901 again began the study of music at the Michigan Conservatory, studying for one year with Elsa von Grave-Jonàs, and the last year with Alberto Jonàs, graduating from that institution June 17, 1903. Miss Smith is not only the first student to complete the course in two years, but is also the first to receive a diploma in piano and one in harmony at the same time, having given considerable time to the study of the latter.



MR. HOWARD HENRIQUES SMITH,  
New York, N. Y. See Page 687.

It is well known that the number of letters, words, verses, etc., contained in the Bible have been counted, but by whom, when, or where, is not generally known. Treat's publication, entitled "Curiosities of the Bible," speaks of the occurrence as being of Spanish origin, and that the Prince of Granada, fearing usurpation, caused the arrest of the supposed would-be usurper, and by order of the Spanish crown he was thrown into an old prison called the place of skulls, situated in Madrid, where he was confined for thirty-three years, with no other companion than the rats, mice and other vermin that frequented his dismal cell.

During his confinement he counted the letters, etc., contained in the Bible, and scratched the several numbers on the stone walls with a nail. When his work was discovered, he was furnished with writing utensils and ordered to make a copy of the results of his long and tedious task, and, on its being completed, he finally received his liberty. The following is a correct copy of his great work:

The Bible contains 3,566,480 letters, 773,746 words, 31,173 verses, 1195 chapters and 66 books.

The word "and" occurs 10,684 times, the word "Lord" 1,853 times, the word "Jehovah" 6,855 times, and the word "reverend" but once, which is in the ninth verse of the 111th Psalm.

The middle verse is the eighth verse of the 118th Psalm. The twenty-first verse of the seventh chapter of Ezra contains all the letters of the alphabet except the letter j.

The finest chapter to read is the twenty-sixth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. The most beautiful chapter is the twenty-third Psalm. The nineteenth chapter of II. Kings and the thirty-seventh chapter of Isaiah are alike.

The four most inspiring promises are to be found in the sixth chapter of St. John, thirty-seventh verse, and four-

teenth chapter, second verse; also eleventh chapter of St. Matthew, twenty-eighth verse, and the thirty-seventh Psalm, fourth verse.

The longest verse is the ninth verse, eighth chapter of Esther. The shortest verse is the thirty-fifth verse, eleventh chapter of St. John.

There are ten chapters in the book of Esther in which the words "Lord" and "God" do not occur. The eighth, fifteenth, twenty-first and thirty-first verses of the 107th Psalm are alike. Each verse of the 136th Psalm end alike. The 117th Psalm contains but two verses, the 118th Psalm contains 176 verses. There are no words or names of more than six syllables.

It has also been discovered by some person unknown that in Joel, third chapter, third verse, the word "girl" occurs, and in the eighth chapter of Zachariah, fifth verse, the word "girl's"

is mentioned for the only time in the whole book.

The eighth chapter of Esther, ninth verse, contains fifty-two t's. The word "snow" appears twenty-four times in the Old Testament, and three times in the New.—"Boston Herald."

\* \* \* \* \*

Paris, France.—The Natarret suit for nullity of marriage has been decided. The husband alleged that he married a Negress in Louisiana, and since under the laws of the state the marriage was void, so it was also illegal in France. The judge decided that it would be contrary to public order to base nullity of marriage on the distinction of race or color. So the marriage stands.

There is talk of electing Matthews, the Afro-American shortstop of Harvard college's baseball team, captain next year.



A SCENE IN IAO VALLEY, WEST MANI MOUNTAINS. HAWAII.

Sent us by Mrs. A. V. Crockett, an admirer of "The Colored American Magazine."



## INSPIRATION.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH,

Ex-Editor *Youth's Companion*, Boston, Mass.

Read at Dedication of Memorial Monument to the Negro Slaves of Barrington, R. I.,

June 14, 1903.

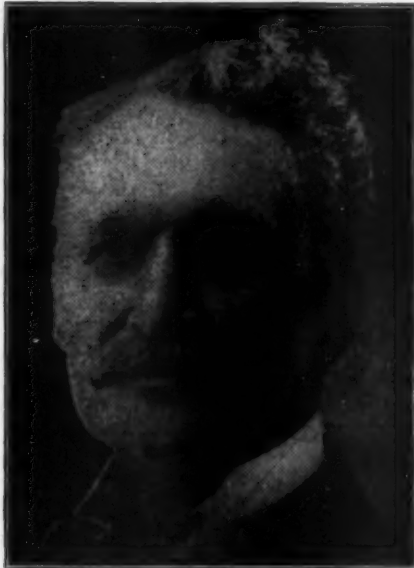
## I.

The highest aims forever live,  
 And reach sublime events,  
 They prophesy and they fulfil,  
 And bring divine contents.  
 Oh, town beside the purple bays,  
 A tale of Lincoln here  
 I bring to thee, in whose events  
 Thine own high aims appear;  
 For grow in life all grand intents  
 In noble thoughts and deeds,  
 As Servius Tullius' hopes lived on  
 And bloomed at Runnymede.

## II.

He turned away from crystal halls,  
 And bowed himself in prayer,  
 Lincoln, the commoner, beloved;  
 A sergeant waited there.  
 The door swung back; and Lincoln said,  
 "The invader's arm is riven."  
 "Whence comes the news?" the sergeant  
 asked.  
 "The message came from Heaven!"  
 Once over our flag stood still the sun,  
 Three nights were a day, and three days  
 were one,  
 That day was Gettysburg!

This morn to Heaven I raised my voice,  
 "Give us thy power divine,  
 And I the bondsmen's chains will break."  
 Heaven said, "The field is thine."  
 I stood in silence, came the word,  
 "The battle has begun."  
 And on the eastern windows burned  
 The red midsummer sun.



MR. HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

III.

He walked alone the halls of state,  
 Our Lincoln, the beloved;  
 Afar the thunder clouds of fate  
 The serried hilltops moved.  
 But mustering hosts of blue brigades  
 He saw not, clear nor dim;  
 When forth the mighty columns passed  
 'Twas history past to him.  
 Once over our flag stood still the sun,  
 Three nights were a day, and three days  
 were one,  
 That day was Gettysburg!

IV.

Another day the heavens rend,  
 Earth's axle bends and sways,  
 On three times fifty thousand men,  
 Two hundred cannon blaze,  
 No soldier knew what night would bring  
 To that uncharted field,  
 To him who sought Heaven's council  
 hall  
 It was alone revealed.

## V.

When Pickett's men had cleft the fields,  
Hills leaped in horror dire,  
They stood like men with lifted shields,  
While the gray lava's fire  
Sunk into ashes, thin and pale,  
Then swift the heroes formed  
And all the wavering force assailed  
That, baffled, force had stormed.  
Once over our flag stood still the sun,  
Three nights were a day, and three days  
were one,  
That day was Gettysburg!

## VI.

The meteor flag that flashed from  
Heaven,  
Then lightened in the cloud,  
And 'neath the skies thrice thunder-riven  
The Alleghaneys bowed.  
July the third; the cloud wings reft  
Revealed again the sun;  
The skies of Liberty shone clear,  
And those three days were one.

## VII.

Lincoln! To consecrate the field,  
To Gettysburg he came,  
As on that morn when earth stood still  
In Heaven's arrested flame.  
The blue brigades around him pressed,  
As they had ever done,  
And waited for the prophet's word,  
Ten thousand men as one.  
Once over our flag stood still the sun,  
Three nights were a day, and three days  
were one,  
That day was Gettysburg!

## VIII.

Care-worn, he bent on them his face,  
The centuries were there,  
'Twas thinner than that hour when  
Heaven  
Its message sent through prayer.  
He spake: "The dead have given this  
spot  
The glory that is due,  
That the Republic perish not,  
Let us to them be true!"



## IX.

O Gettysburg! O Gettysburg!  
O day of days sublime,  
That made new destinies for men  
And set the clock of time.  
'Twas that worn face that summoned  
Heaven  
His heroes to enfold,  
And saw the hosts invisible  
Like the young king of old.

## X.

Helpers invisible there are  
That prophet souls may know,  
O'er them night's silver irises  
Of apperception glow.  
The earth revolves in spirit zones,  
And circles spirit spheres,  
And oft life's choral overtones  
Are heard by saints and seers,  
So over our flag stood still the sun,  
Three nights were a day, and three days  
were one,  
That day was Gettysburg

## XI.

On Seminary Ridge increase  
The fruited fields of fall,  
And far the Susquehanna gleams  
Beneath her mountain wall.  
Peace lifts her white hand in the heaven,  
Above each turf-ribbed hill  
Where on the day with thunder riven  
The sun of fate stood still.

## XII.

Such is my tale of Gettysburg,  
But, Barrington, to thee,  
An hundred years before, God spake  
That thou thy bondmen free,  
And here where Williams breathed the  
word  
That conscience throned to rule,  
Where Myles for liberal knowledge  
made  
Each cabin home a school,

## XIII.

The silver trump of freedom blew,

## TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION,

OR

## A PAGE FROM MY LIFE.

HOWARD HENRIQUES SMITH.

There were many romantic episodes in the life of the Negro during and before the war, but nowadays we are apt to hear little of such things. That they are still occurring is brought to our recollection, though, even at this far-away date. When the slave was made free, he passed practically out of the important place he had occupied in the affairs of the nation and the thoughts of the people, far and wide. But even today there linger some reminiscences of his pathetic past. One of these comes to us in the shape of a letter relating the singular history of one of the race when it was thrown on the world to fight its own battles. Doubtless this incident is typical of many another story of separation and long-continued search, quite as strange and pathetic. It seems to illustrate, too, that the love of family and home is as strong in the Negro's breast as it is in the hearts of any other race. (Editor.)

"I was born a slave in Jackson, Mississippi, in 1859, though my mother was a native of Virginia, my father a native of Santiago, Cuba. He was captured in Florida, being then a sailor on board a Spanish brig which lay off the coast. In those days a Negro could not walk the streets unless he could tell who owned him. This my father failed to do, as he knew nothing about our slavery laws. He was whipped and sold into Mississippi by the Ku-Klux men.

"In 1853 my mother was owned by Edwin Jolly, a wealthy planter in Dinwiddie County, Virginia. She was then his only daughter's maid. At the time

the war was being discussed throughout the South by all prominent Southerners. In dread of it my mother was transported to Mississippi, in care of Robert Vaughan, thinking that by sending her out there she would not get her freedom, and the Yankees would not find her. Of course it was before my time that all this happened. Anyhow, this Mr. Vaughan bought my father for my mother, as she fancied him, and they were married in the manner that all slaves are married—by their master. Father was a very intelligent man, and soon won the confidence of his new master. He was an expert guitar picker. I do not mean that he played the banjo, but the guitar, he having an old Spanish instrument that he had brought from Cuba. The guitar was a rare thing at that time in the South.

"My father's real name was Howard Henriques Radazo, but his new master changed it to Howard Henriques Smith. Since then the name of Smith has always been used in our family. Smith was the name of my father's first master, the man who bought him from the Ku-Klux. Father was made the overseer. As I have stated before, he was naturally very intelligent and was allowed the privilege of doing as he pleased. Now when he heard of General Sherman and his army in Georgia he collected all of the slaves together, including their families, and ran away to the Yankee army with a good supply of provisions and horses, mules and oxen, and we were all cared for by the army there. My father and the men slaves mustered in the army, and my

In life's diviner air,  
 And thence Emancipation grew  
 To power in Lincoln's prayer.  
 From here went freedom on her march  
 That human victories won,  
 Until o'er Gettysburg's grand arch  
 Our Prophet held the sun.

## XIV.

O, town beside the purple bays,  
 That build in life's diviner air,  
 To-day we see thy ancient ways,  
 The high creative power of prayer.  
 Thy past has larger dowers to give,  
 To all mankind in word and deed,  
 So Servius Tullius still doth live  
 In memories of Runnymede.

## XV.

To Lincoln's faith at Gettysburg  
 Let us our pledge renew,  
 A Genius noble summons us,  
 Time's work supreme to do.  
 Come, Oh thou Diva, come and bring  
 The gifts the building ages sing,  
 To man his birthright, toil a field,  
 To need a largess true,  
 To each the justice of the state,  
 To all the wealth that they create,  
 To him who toils, his due.  
 So shall we live in gems enscrolled  
 Like those who broke the chains of  
 old.

## Note.

President Lincoln told Gen. Sickles that God had announced to him the victory of Gettysburg at the beginning of the battle and he said to Secretary Sewall that he promised God the emancipation of the slave in return for a Union victory. The incident is practically true.





case, indicative of the special providences of God toward His humble subjects,—the most humble, I may say with truth.

"I have had no education, save what I have gathered from nature's school and my own aptness in observing and applying. But the advantages of travel I have enjoyed to the full, there being few countries which I have not visited. I have also been blessed by having the privilege of coming in daily contact with the highest culture and breeding of the Anglo-Saxon race, my case proving how much is due to environment in the advancement of individuals or races.

"For years I was the chief officer in charge of the bureau of information in connection with the saloon department of the White Star line, New York city.

Previous to that time I was in the employ of Mr. Julian Hawthorne, the noted writer, of Storm King Heights-on-the-Hudson, to whom I have returned. Thus I enjoy a literary atmosphere, within touch of America's greatest writer, the only son of the illustrious Nathaniel Hawthorne of never-dying fame. I also have a daily knowledge of the famous novelist, Mrs. Amelia Barr, whose well-kept garden of several acres, adjoins the Hawthorne estate.

"My fate is but an example of what is possible for my entire race if only we possess our souls in patience and wait yet a little while upon our great leader, God. For the lines of the little slave boy have fallen in pleasant places, and all his paths are peace."

## BISHOP ALEXANDER WALTERS, D. D.

CYRUS FIELD ADAMS.

Bishop Alexander Walters, son of Henry and Harriet Walters, was born at Bardstown, Ky., Aug. 1, 1858.

For eight years he attended the public schools of his native city.

When quite young, he gave his heart to God, and in 1870 joined the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church at his home.

He studied theology under private tutors at Indianapolis, Ind., and his contact with the leading thinkers of the day has fitted him for the efficient leadership of his people.

Alexander was licensed to preach by the quarterly conference of the Blackford Street A. M. E. Zion Church in March, 1877, and Sept. 11, 1878, he joined the Kentucky Conference and was stationed at Corydon, Ky., where he remained two years, meeting with great revivalistic and financial success.

At St. Louis, Mo., he was ordained

deacon, July, 1879, and an elder in Louisville, Ky., in 1882.

At the General Conference at Pittsburgh, Pa., in 1892, he was elected bishop by a splendid majority.

Reverend Walters was then only thirty-four years of age, and was the youngest minister ever honored by any denomination with such an exalted office.

Since his elevation to the office of bishop, he has received many churches into his great denomination, and is greatly loved by his ministers.

While a minister, Bishop Walters pastored some of the principal churches in this connection, among them Zion Church in New York City. The degrees D.D. and A.M. were both conferred on him by Livingston College, North Carolina.

Four times Bishop Walters was delegated to represent his church abroad,

father was made a color bearer in one regiment of colored troops. Everything went on nicely until the army arrived within five miles of Atlanta, when the Confederates made a ferocious attack upon the Northern army, causing great confusion for several hours, owing to the trains of wagons that contained slave women and children that were with the army. The Confederates took advantage of the occasion, and killed a great many of the Union troops, but as soon as we were put at a safe distance the Union troops made Atlanta howl, though the Confederates fought a bloody fight for a little while.

"Finally they had to run and leave Atlanta behind them, because Gen. Sherman fought his way there and fired every house as he moved. My father's regiment helped to burn the railroad station, and also helped to batter down the Atlanta jail. I shall never forget that day. Though very young at that time, I recall it well. I saw the troops fighting by the light of Atlanta when the city was in a blaze from one end to the other, lighting the elements like the sun.

"During this struggle my oldest brother and I were lost in the woods on this side of Atlanta. The army moved during the night, and we were left there alone with the fear of starving to death. At the same time, three of our sisters were lost or stolen from our train while the battle was going on, and from that day to this they have never been heard of. My brother and I went on board a gun-boat, sailing under the name of "Hugh McColloch," and we were carried to Philadelphia. There I was placed in a Quaker institution and educated. My brother enlisted in the navy, and remained there ten years. I remained in Philadelphia until I was seventeen years old; then I came to New York, as my brother then had left the navy and was employed by the White Star Steamship Company.

"Ten years ago to-day my brother was drowned at the White Star dock, pier 52, North River. We had never heard from mother, yet I never gave up hunting for her, until four years ago, when I found her in Virginia, her birthplace.

"Last October I went down and saw her. You can imagine her joy after not seeing me for twenty-six years. My mother lost control of herself when I told her that I was her youngest son, whom she thought dead long ago. It would be a hard matter for me to describe my mother's joy. She wept and screamed, and my little daughter was so frightened that I had to have her taken from me for a while.

"There is a great deal more to be told, but I will be as brief as possible. My main object for publishing this story is to find my sisters. I have all three of their names and ages. They all were older than I. I have written many letters to all the colored churches, but they failed to find them. This was my last promise to my dear old mother, that I would try and find her children if I could. She is still grieving for them, though they have been lost twenty-six years. When she told me about them it brought the tears to my eyes. She is positive her children are alive yet, and I think the same, and I would like very much to find them if there is any possibility of doing so. Possibly they have all changed their names during the interval; no one can tell though. I am very positive that they were not brought to Washington with the army, as I have made particular inquiries at the Freedman's Bureau. Their names are not among the contrabands recorded there."

"While recalling the romantic adventures of my life, its strange and pathetic incidents, beginning with the ending of slavery, I am impressed by the fact that through valleys of grief I have been brought into green pastures of peace and happiness. Mine is an exceptional

and addressed a number of large, enthusiastic white audiences in the interest of his race, both in Europe and the Holy Lands.

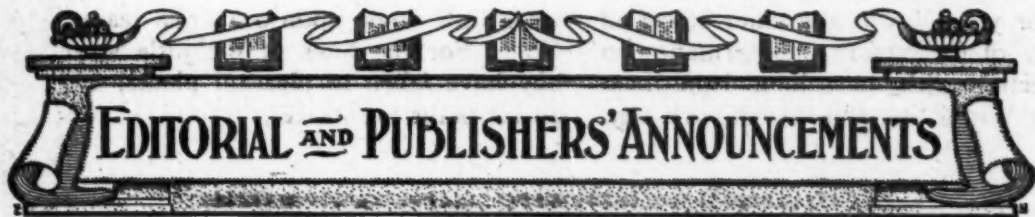
The English press speaks of him in the most complimentary terms, lauding him for his great ability and his intense love for his race.

For nine years Bishop Walters has been a trustee of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, and he is now chairman of the Executive Committee of the Afro-American Council, and President of the Pan-Afro-American Association, London, England.

In appearance the bishop is tall, broad-shouldered, dignified in bearing, with keen, penetrating eyes, and a most attractive personality; in manner he is affable, unassuming and easy to approach. As a speaker, he is eloquent, logical, thoughtful, rich in fancy, apt in illustrations, and intensely enthusiastic.

As a race leader he is courageous, self-sacrificing, and as true as a needle to the pole.—“Star of Zion,” J. W. Smith, Editor.

On Tuesday, May 11, 1903, Bishop Walters celebrated the eleventh anniversary of his election to the bishopric.



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In the  
Eyes  
of the  
World.

“To the Editor of the ‘Daily Chronicle,’ (London.):  
“Sir,—When British police officers think more of preserving whole skins than of protecting prisoners in their charge, and when the inhabitants of a British town drag an uncondemned man from prison, deprive him of lawful trial, and murder him with fiendish cruelty, and the murderers are not brought to justice, there may be some excuse for ‘Retfordian’s’ statement that we are as little civilized as the people of the United States. Till then his letter is an anonymous libel on his countrymen. Does not ‘Retfordian’ see that, in attempting to palliate an indefensible crime, he is committing the

same offence against public decency as that for which we are rebuking the Serbians? That, inasmuch as the Wilmington outrage was more brutal and more public, his apology for it is more indecent than the apathy and shamelessness of Belgrade? He says: ‘It is well known that these vile outrages by Negroes occur too often, particularly in the Southern States, and stern vengeance,’ etc., etc. Any one who has lived for any length of time where white and colored races exist together, knows well that the boot is on the other leg. It is the colored people who are always so much weaker than the whites, who need protection from the large proportion of base whites, who have no regard for the



honor of a colored woman or the self-respect of a colored man. If the punishment of burning alive is necessary to protect the honor of American women, let the State Governments make that the legal penalty, and subject whites as well as blacks to it. We do not have these lynching horrors in South Africa, nor do we need such drastic penalties.

"Of course, no one would hold all Americans guilty of this and similar crimes; but, in face of persistent failure to vindicate a law which is always respected in civilized countries, America is placed with Turkey, Servia, and Russia, outside the pale of civilization—and that by the action of her own people.

"I quite recognize that the dastards who collect in mobs to murder colored people, who may or may not be guilty of horrible crimes, have nothing more in common with the illustrious America of Emerson and Whitman, of Henry George and John Brown, than the hogs that are daily slaughtered at Chicago. It was with regret that we could not strengthen the hands of the best men in the United States—who must feel the shame of this horror more intensely than we do—that I wrote that the adoption of a similar course of action at Washington to that pursued at Belgrade would be very beneficial. Such British action would have more effect on our near kinsmen in America than it will have on Servia, or would be likely to have on Russia. Yours faithfully,

"HERBERT H. PRESBURY.

"45 Park-road, W. Dulwich, S. E.,  
June 30."

\* \* \* \* \*

There is no time for idleness on the part of the Negro now, when his every act and characteristic are being discussed, and not in a friendly spirit, to speak mildly. Then, too, we must cultivate a spirit of unity, maintaining it by contact, — supporting race journals,

magazines, and all enterprises in the hands of race men, thus uniting the race by a chain of thought. Let us base our acts upon the spirit of honesty; honesty to ourselves and justice to our neighbors. This accomplished success will surely crown our efforts, and at last the world will hail us as a nation.

\* \* \* \* \*

Agents will kindly have their remittances ready when our representative calls on them. By so doing they will save the management much trouble, and the collector great loss of time.

\* \* \* \* \*

We have arranged to go to press the tenth of each month, so that our readers may receive the magazine promptly the first of each month. Manuscripts and all other matter designed for a certain issue, must be in the home office on or before that date.

\* \* \* \* \*

All magazine orders should be forwarded as near the first of the month as possible, so that they may be accurately calculated and promptly filled. Delayed orders are at the risk of the sender after the tenth of each month, as the demands for the magazine are constantly increasing.

\* \* \* \* \*

We make the following liberal offer to the patrons of "The Colored American Magazine" in order to raise our circulation to twenty thousand by the first of January, 1904. From this issue until November 1, 1903, we will send the magazine twelve months to any address for One Dollar, sent to the Home Office. Subscribe at once!

\* \* \* \* \*

The prayer of wisdom for the poor is "Make us rich in faith," and for the rich, "Make us poor in spirit."

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